

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME IV

New York, Saturday, September 25, 1915

Number 47

Contents

Editorial Paragraphs.....	190
Leading Editorials.....	
Popularizing Administration.....	194
The Age of Birth Control.....	195
The Undergraduate.....	197
Economic Pressure and Neutral Interests.....	199
General Articles.....	
The British Cotton Policy..... Alvin S. Johnson	200
The Chances of Being Married.....	201
The Decline of College Presidents..... Facultas	203
Enrolling the English Nation..... S. K. Ratcliffe	205
Art in Moving Pictures..... Harold Stearns	207
Correspondence.....	208
After the Play..... Q. K.	211
Books and Things..... P. L.	212
Reviews of Books.....	
Reshaping the World..... Francis Hackett	213
Our Restricted Trade.....	214
Colonial Institutions..... George Louis Beer	215

NOW that the other letters and memoranda which James J. Archibald was carrying to Holland have been published, some kind of a final judgment can be passed on this very illuminating incident. The full correspondence assuredly justifies Dr. Dumba's dismissal, since it corroborates the previously published evidence that the fomentation of strikes was part of his anti-munition intrigue. But apart from the confirmation of Dr. Dumba's culpability, and some minor verbal indiscretions to which we shall refer presently, the impression produced by the exposure of the complete correspondence is not unfavorable. It affords no further corroboration of the charge that the German and Austrian-Hungarian Embassies were using the advantages of their privileged position in this country to promote, in violation of American statutes, the military interests of their countries and to prevent the United States from fulfilling its obligations under international law. Count von Bernstorff's defence of the behavior of the German Embassy, as revealed by the publication of the Albert letter-file in the *New York World*, is impressive. Nothing in the published correspondence fastens upon any Ger-

man diplomatist an unequivocally reprehensible action. The State Department testified to this conclusion by ignoring the exposure. Surely it would be well to cease personal abuse of the German diplomatic agents in this country and avoid further stimulation of popular resentment against Germany. The German and Austrian representatives have been placed in a most difficult and unprecedented position. They were accredited to a country which under the cover of international precedents was lending an assistance to their enemies of enormous and perhaps decisive value. They were tempted by their natural desire to serve their governments into dubious courses. At least two of them have been or are being sent home. Before we clamor for any more victims or enter into any more personal recriminations, let us make sure that the guilt is there and that it can be imputed to specific individuals. Up to date there has been an amount of vague and emphatic denunciation not justified by the published exposures.

AS to Count von Papen's description of the sovereign American people as "idiotic Yankees," that derives its interest only from the part which these idiots have been playing in German diplomacy. The phrase expresses a lively contempt for a part of the American body politic whose practical importance the Germans have been systematically recognizing. In fact, it has been sometimes difficult to feel sure whether the German diplomatic agents in this country considered themselves accredited to the American government or to the American people. They have on many different occasions ignored or overlooked the government and addressed themselves wholly to the American public. Only a few days ago the German Foreign Office preferred to transmit its latest diplomatic message through the Associated Press to the readers of the newspapers, rather than to the Department of State. This German habit of negotiating with the sovereign people without the use of official American intermediaries has been resented by our officials. Perhaps they have been gratified at such plain evidence of a Ger-

man belief in the democratic control of American foreign policy, but they preferred to have the conviction receive a somewhat different expression. If, however, we may judge from Count von Papen's uncalculated indiscretion, the German diplomats have even a poorer opinion of the American people than they have of the American government—so poor an opinion that Count von Papen, at least, scarcely seems qualified for continuing the negotiations which he and his associates have been conducting with the "idiotic" American people.

MR. BRYAN'S announcement that he will oppose the reorganization and increase in the military and naval forces of the United States makes President Wilson's situation very difficult. The Democrats have only a small majority in the House. Mr. Bryan and the pacifist and pro-German factions can control enough votes to defeat any plan of military preparedness which would not be supported by the Republicans. Mr. Wilson must consequently either frame a plan which will earn Republican support, or he must do as he did last winter—refuse personally to assume any responsibility for a program of military preparation and pass the matter on to Congress. Both horns of the dilemma look dubious and dangerous. Mr. Wilson has always preferred to govern by means of his party. It is peculiarly important for him to keep his party together during a session of Congress immediately preceding a Presidential election. But if he uses all his influence in favor of the increase in armament which his own Secretary of War is known to favor, he will divide his party and depend upon Republican votes for the accomplishment of his program. And who knows what price he may have to pay for Republican votes? There is every indication that the Democrats will be badly divided on the issue and that if the President takes as strong a line as he did on the Currency and the Shipping bills he will be driving the wedge deep into the trunk of the Democracy.

THE difficulties of putting through Congress an administration program of increasing military preparedness may induce President Wilson to pass the whole problem on to Congress; but if he should seek to evade the responsibility of giving to Congress and the country a lead in relation to this critical matter, he will be involving himself and his party in no less anxious difficulties. Congress as at present composed is peculiarly unfitted to contrive unaided a military machine adjusted to the American national policy. Above all other questions that of military preparedness needs to be treated from the point of view of the nation as a whole. Congress is bound to treat it from the point

of view of the nation as a collection of districts and states. The two houses have legislated in the past about the army and the navy chiefly in order to satisfy local interests and avoid local opposition, and they will do so again. Nothing effective will be accomplished either in reorganizing the existing system or making desirable additions to it, except under the impulse and discipline of the President's leadership. Mr. Wilson may refuse to take the risk; but if he does refuse, let him beware of the consequences. The present Secretary of War could hardly remain the servant of a chief who refused to back up his most earnest recommendations, and an aggressive, resolute and considerable element in public opinion would be profoundly alienated by such inaction. Mr. Wilson should realize that the country is far more interested in the subject of military preparedness and more united in its favor than it was a year ago. It will go hard with any party which shirks the problem and any party leader who connives at the evasion.

WHY any American financiers should have been disposed to insist on collateral to support the loan sought by the Allies is difficult to understand. Surely England and France are good for a billion dollars, whatever the outcome of the present war. Americans would probably be reluctant to invest in a long-term loan, not because of doubt as to the ultimate solvency of the borrowers, but because of the risk that huge future issues might seriously depress the value of the bonds. This risk is practically non-existent in the case of a short-term loan such as the British and French commissioners have negotiated. But if there seems to be no valid reason why our investors should have demanded collateral, there appears to be no better reason why the British commissioners should have deemed the giving of collateral impossible. Surely the British owners of American securities have sufficient faith in their government to entrust it with their property. They would receive their interest or dividends as regularly as if they held the papers in their own vaults; and if it is their desire to be in a position to speculate with such securities, it would be quite feasible to make arrangements for regular trading on exchange in securities held in the government's safe keeping.

WE need not take too seriously the assertion of advocates of the proposed Franco-British loan that unless satisfactory credit arrangements are made, the Allies will buy their supplies elsewhere. They are already buying elsewhere all the food and other commodities that they can get more cheaply than from us. The discount on London exchange placed a premium upon British imports

from other countries, but that premium has not as yet exceeded seven per cent, and would not have been likely to increase materially, even if the loan had failed. Moreover, it does not follow that the British importer from Argentina got his wheat cheaper by the amount of this premium; it is just as probable that the Argentine exporter sold his wheat dearer by this amount. The sound view is that so long as London exchange is at a discount, we shall get a little less for our wheat, the British will pay a little more, and the Argentines will get a somewhat higher price than would otherwise be the case. It is to our advantage and to that of Great Britain to stabilize exchange. To pretend that all the advantage lies with the one party is nothing but trader's tactics.

RECENT statements by M. Ribot, the French Minister of Finance, and by Mr. Asquith, give some idea of the swelling volume of war debts contracted by the belligerent nations. France, it appears, is daily spending about \$10,000,000, Russia about \$12,000,000, Germany about \$16,670,000, and England \$17,500,000. If to this we add the expenses of Italy and Serbia, the war expenditure rises considerably above \$60,000,000 a day, or to almost 25,000,000,000 dollars a year. One might think that a year or two of such expenditure would bring the nations to economic ruin, but nothing of the sort is for a long time probable. A war debt does not necessarily incapacitate a country, for a nation which owes \$20,000,000,000 may be neither poorer nor richer than a nation with no debt at all. An internal debt of any sort is merely a matter of the distribution of wealth, and a nation may distribute its wealth at will. Moreover, all calculations concerning the enormous economic waste of war are absurdly exaggerated. Much of this war expenditure is merely a continuation of peace expenditure. The government buys Tommy Atkins a new pair of shoes with which to walk through Flanders, but the year before last Tommy Atkins, who was then Richard Roe, also wore shoes and ate food. The soldier consumes more quickly than does the civilian, but the more the soldier wastes the less the rich waste. To-day England, France and Germany are employing more workers than ever before to manufacture explosive shells, but they are employing fewer workers to make private yachts and expensive jewelry, or to act as footmen, valets and butlers.

A FEW months ago a sixteen-year-old girl named Laura Bendetta, born of Italian parents and living in Philadelphia, met Joseph Zookey, aged twenty-five. He took her to a rooming house, where for several weeks they lived to-

gether by day, Laura going home to her parents late every evening. During this time Zookey brought to their room at least one other man. To the police, when they arrested Zookey, he made no secret of his intention to have Laura earn money as a prostitute, and said he had treated many other girls in the same way. These facts were disclosed at a hearing before Judge MacNeille in the juvenile court. Zookey was held without bail on a charge of rape, and Laura Bendetta was sent to the House of Detention, where with good care her health improved greatly.

ZOOKEY'S case has lately been up for trial before Judge Staples in the quarter sessions court, where Laura Bendetta's parents said they would like "to save her honor" by having her marry Zookey. Laura said she would like to marry him. Zookey's lawyer, with the consent of the district attorney's office, obtained Judge Staples' permission to change a plea of guilty to not guilty, the marriage took place, the judge had the indictments submitted to the jury for verdicts of not guilty, and the man was set free. None of the evidence which revealed Zookey's real character and occupation was submitted to the jury. Neither Judge MacNeille nor any probation officer connected with the juvenile court was informed of the arrangement made by Zookey's lawyer, the district attorney's office, and Judge Staples, an arrangement by which Zookey escapes the long term in prison which he deserves, and is virtually authorized to go on exploiting this sixteen-year-old girl. So long as there are judges like Judge Staples, the existence of such notions of "honor" among ignorant parents will be very convenient for white slavers.

RUSSIAN war politics are baffling to western minds. Why did the Czar kick Nickolai Nickolaivitch upstairs? Was he not executing a masterly retreat under the double handicap of ammunition shortage and inefficient government support? Did he not possess the confidence of the army and of the people to an almost magical degree? Was he not singularly free from the suspicion of venality or of complicity with German agents? Granted even that the Little Father felt that he must emulate King Albert or the Kaiser and lead his armies "in person," why did he not retain the able Grand Duke as his first assistant and real chief of the armies? These questions invite uneasy speculation, not quieted by the knowledge that Nickolai was becoming the most popular man in Russia, that he was known to be a liberal and a rival of the Czar, that rumors of revolution have been rumbling, and that an idolized general with

an army at his back, discontented at government laxity in their equipment, awakened to trickery and corruption which has meant needless death to the most patient of all brave soldiers, was a menace to the safety of those sitting in high places.

PETROGRAD announcements say that the Duma has been prorogued, and that the Czar will grant amnesty to 100,000 political prisoners. Both announcements are significant. The Duma has been demanding the right to meet for the past six months. Apparently the government has been considering whether popular restlessness with the Duma closed was not on the whole less dangerous than the effect of its excessively liberal formulations once the session opened. Private meetings of its members have been held, however, and statements given out which so intensified popular demand that the government succumbed. For a brief but lively period the members have talked their fill and evolved a typically Russian program to alleviate wrongs and give everybody rights and immunities. Now comes the word that they have had their say and must disband—the usual end to Russian dreams. But some sop must be thrown to those whose dissatisfaction with the official conduct of the war is not to be appeased by a little talk—which may account for the Czar's superb generosity in granting freedom to one hundred thousand persons whose imprisonment in the first place could be considered a crime. Arbitrary flat freedom may be a temporary makeshift, but such straws as the retirement of the ablest general in Russia, changes of ministers, restriction of the session of the Duma, and the concession to political prisoners, indicate that a wind of discontent is raging across the Russian plains which has been felt even by his impervious Imperial Majesty.

WHAT a particular item of foreign trade is really worth to a nation is a question seldom raised by a private citizen, and scarcely ever by a commercializing statesman. The volume of exports or of imports, or of both added together, is generally regarded as sufficient basis for decisions involving the welfare of whole nations. Common sense, however, should impel us to look for a net item, representing the actual national advantage, in all such crude totals. The foreign cotton trade of Germany before the war amounted to \$80,000,000 of imports and \$30,000,000 of exports. Both branches have been destroyed by the blockade: what is the net loss to Germany? Of the imports, \$65,000,000 represented materials and finished products for domestic consumption; what it costs Germany to go without this part of the trade is not susceptible of computation. The other \$15,000,-

000 of imports represented material worked up into the \$50,000,000 of exports. All that Germany was concerned with in this import-export transaction of \$45,000,000 was the margin of \$15,000,000. Half this figure is cost of labor, and, with the brisk demand for labor existing in Germany at present, represents no actual national loss. The remaining \$7,500,000 includes cost of fuel and wear and tear of machinery, etc. Ignore these minor items, it still follows that a loss of \$45,000,000 in trade means an economic loss of not more than \$7,500,000. The results would be even more striking if we had chosen instead of the cotton industry, where the ratio of raw material cost to value of product is low, such industries as silk or metal goods, where the ratio is high.

WHY does the Federal Bureau of Labor wait until the late summer of 1915 before publishing, as it has just done, statistics of wages paid on May 1st, 1914? Many of the bricklayers, plumbers and compositors whose wages on May 1st, 1914 are so carefully collated, have died months ago. We admit that the Bureau of Labor is not nearly so greivous a sinner in this respect as the Census Bureau, and it has better excuses to offer than many other government departments. The Bureau is undermanned and overworked. The task of correcting errors is a slow one. The Government Printing Office is frequently congested, and intending publications must wait their turn. But the main trouble seems to lie deeper—in a tradition that statistics are interesting only to a few grey-haired professors. If the Labor Bureau, and above all, Congress, insisted upon a rapid completion of all such investigations, wage statistics could be issued early enough to make them pertinent to present issues and valuable to employers and employees.

SCHOOLMEN are in the habit of bewailing the lack of public interest in the schools. They can scarcely complain of the situation in New York City, where, with the opening of the fall term, an almost unprecedented public interest has been aroused in the question of the general adoption of the Gary plan. The success of the experiments conducted in two New York schools last winter under the personal supervision of Superintendent Wirt of Gary led the Board of Education to vote the extension of the plan this coming winter to fourteen schools in the Borough of the Bronx. Now other districts, facing an intolerable "part-time" situation, are asking why they should be discriminated against in this all-important matter, and are demanding the improved facilities for their children. Superintendent Wirt has offered to continue his services until the beginning of the year without

compensation, and the present school administration faces an unparalleled opportunity. The situation will be watched with the keenest interest not only by New Yorkers but by those interested in education everywhere.

THE cost of providing accommodations by the old methods for the 132,000 children in New York City now deprived, through lack of space, of full schooling, is absolutely prohibitive, and is likely to continue prohibitive. Public education of the conventional type is rapidly becoming a physical impossibility. Mr. Wirt, however, has demonstrated that a modest outlay of \$6,000,000 to reorganize the New York schools on the Gary plan would not only abolish "part-time," but would provide all children with greater educational opportunities. No school administration which honestly seeks relief from conditions that beset all congested cities and are bound to grow progressively worse each year, can afford to ignore the Gary plan. The Board has only to make an immediate and comprehensive extension of its wise experiments with the Gary methods to create a national reputation for New York as the first large city to give all its children full-time schooling and provide them with the modern facilities of work, study and play that all progressive schools demand.

Popularizing Administration

A BOOK of altogether exceptional interest is entitled "Plain Talk," by Morris L. Cooke, a citizen and a public official of the city of Philadelphia. It is a modest volume containing some 108 pages, bound in paper, copiously illustrated by sketches and photographs, and full of facts, anecdotes, statistics, discussions, quotations, exposures, exhortations and modern instances. The subject matter which Mr. Cooke has sought so successfully to make interesting in the book has nothing to do with war, with sex, with money-making, with society, with fashions, with sport or with any other of the abounding pre-occupations of good Americans. His stories and his illustrations deal with such matters of lively popular interest as gas-works, water waste, garbage, city planning, economics, signboards, public singing, contracts, marketing and municipal graft. The book is nothing more or less than Mr. Cooke's report for the year ending December 31st, 1914, as Director of Public Works of the City of Philadelphia, and we recommend it to everybody who would like to read an entertaining and a thrilling story of really modern life on the public ways and in the high places of a large American city.

The report covers the third year of Mr. Cooke's management of the Public Works Department of Philadelphia. During that year he and his four thousand assistants have effected economies which make the operation and maintenance of expenses over one million dollars less in 1914 than in 1911. Yet the work accomplished has amounted to appreciably more than ever before in the history of the department. During the three years of Mr. Cooke's directorship, the saving in the cost to the city on the garbage contract has been \$733,520, on the coal bill for the water bureau \$232,000, and on reduced operating expenses in the same bureau \$970,800. Large economies of this kind were possible because, when Mr. Cooke assumed control, the Public Works Department of Philadelphia was probably more completely honeycombed with petty graft and more completely demoralized by inefficiency of its personnel than the similar department of any city in the country.

All the contract work was, for instance, performed by two political overlords, Senators McNichol and Ware, or by other local contractors designated by them. Mr. Cooke stimulated outside bidding and so succeeded in largely diminishing the cost of this highway work, no matter whether it was performed by foreign or local contractors. In making the award to Edwin H. Ware for the improvement of League Island Park, the bid for grading was 30 cents per cubic yard, compared with 62 cents on previous contracts for work much less difficult. In the same way, on the last contract for the Northeast Boulevard, awarded to the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, the price paid for grading was 38 cents per cubic yard instead of 80 cents for previous work on the same Boulevard undertaken by previous administrations.

The peculiar interest for us of Mr. Cooke's report does not, however, consist in the exceptional quality of the technical service rendered by his department to the city of Philadelphia. It consists rather in the attempt made by Mr. Cooke to attract attention to the work which he and his associates have accomplished. The anecdotes and the illustrations have been introduced intentionally, for the purpose of arousing public interest in what are usually considered to be dry and repellent details of engineering and administrative work. When Mr. Cooke, for instance, wants to advertise the fact that the fitness of the asphalt used on the main thoroughfare was formerly determined by rough empirical tests rather than by careful scientific methods, he is not satisfied with an abstract statement to that effect. He prints the picture of a negro laborer who is chewing a lump of asphalt in order to test its consistency, and he gives another illustration on the same page of the elaborate in-

struments which are now used to make sure that the asphalt is as tough as is required. A citizen of Philadelphia whose ability to digest solid and uncompromising print had been impaired by the fascinations of the movies and an unquenchable interest in the careers of Mutt and Jeff, could, by glancing at the illustrations and reading the accompanying legends, rapidly pick up an idea of the kind of work which is being done.

Mr. Cooke with his assistants uses other and even more insidious methods of advertising than the publication of a lively anecdotal and illustrated report. He has begun, for instance, to placard the localities in which municipal work of any importance is being performed, with signs and signboards descriptive of the nature of the improvement and the kind of service which the contractor has agreed to perform. These signboards enable passersby to understand what the city is doing and even to act as a kind of rough check upon the proper performance of his work by the contractor. This has resulted in a considerable increase of interest on the part of the public in the operations of the Highway Bureau. In using this method of securing public coöperation Mr. Cooke has hit upon a most useful idea, which is capable of very extensive development. A city administration should use every opportunity supplied by great public improvements to communicate to the public the scope and object of the work. Publicity of this kind is just as necessary to an administration which is seeking to make the municipal government the instrument for the accomplishment of fine and useful collective purposes, as it is dangerous to an administration whose real purposes and ordinary methods will not bear exposure. Only an administration that has done nothing which it dares or cares to advertise can afford to neglect a deliberate effort to popularize its achievement. It is just as much the duty of a public official to inform the voters about the nature of his work as it is to be expert and conscientious in the performance of the work itself.

The problem which Mr. Cooke has tackled in the writing of the report is one of central importance to the modern American administrator, and to the democracy which he is seeking to serve. How are the aims, the methods, and the results of efficient administration to be brought home to the average voter? The majority of the administrators allow this question to take care of itself. They embody their work in "documents," and issue an occasional statement to the newspapers; but the documents are not human and the statements do not get into the headlines. They make no impression on voters, whom the newspapers have accustomed to the shorthand of a sign and picture language. The admirable work performed by the Mitchel

administration in this city has, for instance, never received anything like the publicity to which it is entitled, and which it needs as a preparation for the next campaign. The necessary publicity cannot, however, be obtained merely by hiring an advertising agent. In order to be wholesome and effective it must be the result of a more expansive and sympathetic attitude on the part of the administrators themselves. Mr. Cooke is not trying to beguile and hypnotize the people of Philadelphia into an appreciation of his personal work. He is seeking to create a relationship of mutual understanding and contagious good feeling between the employees of his department and their employers, the people of Philadelphia. Unless such a relationship can be established, the voter will always look upon the administrator with suspicion. A mere publicity agent would be powerless to popularize a mere bureaucracy. Mr. Cooke has been able to turn the work of his department into an illustrated story, because his associates have been imbued with much of his own communicative democratic spirit, and have used their imaginations in devising ways of popularizing their joint work.

The Age of Birth Control

JUSTICE McINERNRY believes in the wisdom of the stork. We have never before heard of Justice McInernry, and perhaps shall never hear of him again, but we claim the indulgence of our readers while for a moment we lift him above the obscurity of the New York Municipal Court, in which he performs his routine duty of fining unfortunates and sending them to jail. Justice McInernry believes that the stork brings the right children and the right number of children to the right parents, and that whoever obstructs its flight works against the Divine will, the Course of Nature and the Statutes of the Commonwealth. Last week Justice McInernry sentenced Mr. William Sanger to one month's imprisonment for giving away a copy of a book entitled "Family Limitation." In passing sentence Justice McInernry said, "If some of the women who are going around and advocating equal suffrage would go around and advocate women having children, they would do a greater service."

Sending people to jail is of course the very best way of giving currency to their ideas, and in imprisoning Mr. Sanger Justice McInernry accelerates the spread of the doctrine to which the Justice is opposed. But in this case no such penal propaganda is necessary. Already we live in an age of birth control. All over the civilized world, tens of millions of husbands and wives are deciding just how many children they shall have. They are not

leaving the question to be determined by the stork, by blind unregulated human fecundity. They do not believe that marriage and sexual congress are only a means of multiplying offspring to the utmost physiological limit. The result may be seen in the statistics of births. In France, Germany, England, Austria, Scandinavia, America, Australia, in fact everywhere, the number of births per thousand of the population, as well as the number of births per thousand wives of childbearing age, steadily and even rapidly diminishes. It is not due to accident or impotence. Men are as potent as ever and women as fecund, and all that has been written of a lessening of physical fertility due to a spread of alcoholism, syphilis, and narcotism, is without proof, statistical or other. Nor is this decline in the birthrate primarily due to later marriages or to fewer marriages. In France there are proportionately many more marriages than in Ireland, but the birthrate is lower in France than in Ireland. According to the Registrar-General for England, not over 17 per cent of the decline in the English birthrate is due to fewer and later marriages, while nearly 70 per cent is to be attributed to voluntary restriction of births within marriage. That infecundity is intentional is admitted by physicians and specialists in all modern industrial countries. For better or worse, conception and birth are passing out of the realm of the uncontrollable, and are becoming increasingly subject to human will.

Man, being a thinking animal, delights in intellectualizing his desires and fears, his virtues, vices and necessities. As the practice of birth restriction increases, there grows up an exculpatory philosophy, which has much in common with the bold, skeptical and optimistic teachings of liberalism, and is flatly opposed to all doctrines of human submission to pain and evil. Fecundity is represented as the ancient and persistent curse, the mother of famine, pestilence, war, ignorance and superstition. Population presses hard upon the means of subsistence, and unless a too high birthrate is averted by foresight, the race is condemned to an everlastingly futile contest with hunger. Especially to the poorest is fecundity tragic, for, as a Frenchman observes, the big families live in the little houses, and the little families in the big houses. If we are to rid ourselves of criminals, prostitutes, tramps and paupers, if we are to attain to self-direction and to real civilization, we must stem the brutal tide of babies. It is the most intelligent nations and the most intelligent classes and individuals in each nation that have most definitely resisted this excessive and instinctive proliferation. The world can progress only in proportion as man by his own will determines his conditions of life. Humanity, which has overcome distance, defied climate, and set limits

to the reign of suffering, will not quietly endure the devastation wrought by an over-breeding which it knows how to avert. Not more babies but better babies better cared for is to be the ideal.

For one man or woman who holds this doctrine consciously, there are ten who adhere to the corresponding practice without any definite philosophy. They are animated by self and family interest. Too many babies means too low a standard. It means living in a poorer house. It means less food, care, and education for babies already born. As society becomes industrialized and urbanized, too many babies become too great a burden. Children are no longer an asset, as they were in frontier days when the smallest mite could help out in the varied house industries, and child-rearing was cheap and even profitable. To-day your child cannot earn money until he is fourteen or sixteen, or, in some social classes, twenty-five or thirty. The tedium, pain and danger of childbirth also work towards restriction, as do subtle social prejudices. To have thirteen children is no longer fashionable; the old woman who lived in the shoe has become a quite "impossible" old person. Our modern tenement houses and city life in general present sheer technical difficulties to the rearing of many children. The increasing independence of women works in the same direction. Women do not wish to be breeders only. They want a life beyond childbearing. The extension of facilities for recreation and self-expression automatically lessens the number of babies. All these factors combine in an invincible opposition to large families, so that in America as elsewhere we are adopting the one, two and three-child systems. We may forbid discussion of birth control, we may enjoin silence however loudly, but an increasing number of married couples will not bear the children they are physiologically capable of bearing. A large minority of husbands and wives already know how not to have too many children, and it is only a question of a decade or two when the rest will know.

But may not these tens of millions of husbands and wives be doing more harm to the race than good to themselves? After all, ordinary parents are animated by private considerations, and it is not to be assumed without proof that these coincide with public considerations. In France, where birth control is almost universal, there has grown up an active opposition to the prevailing two-child system. France, it is predicted, will be unable to withstand its fecund neighbors. It will not produce enough able men to run the country. Its children will be not only fewer in number but inferior in quality, for there will be too slow an elimination of the unfit, too feeble a competition in the nursery and in industry. The *fil unique*, the spoiled darling of

solicitous parents, will be no match for the English or German youngster who, finding no safe and predestined place in a stable society, is obliged to uncover new outlets, thus building up colonies and new industrial enterprises. Can a nation expand intellectually or economically without a surplus of men elbowing their way to the favored positions? Such competition, it is admitted, may be beneficial or wasteful according to the way it is regulated, but without more candidates than opportunities there can be no competition at all. The French advocates of large families hold that the two-child system is selfish and ultra-individualistic, that it leads to social particularism and to a lack of ambition, that it culminates in a stable, unambitious, greedy and petty society, stratified according to wealth—a society in which inherited property and safe, life-long positions in government service become the only social goals. They go even further. So long as the superior stocks multiply slowly or not at all and the morons breed like rabbits, racial degeneration is inevitable. The nation strews its seed upon the sand.

Here we have the issue presented between the little-family and the big-family men. It is an issue which is bound to be argued millions and millions of times, in public and private, during the coming centuries. The decision will depend upon the nation and the period, upon the rate at which the resources of the world are opened up, upon the distribution of wealth, upon the ideals which are to prevail under the new conditions of an unforeseen age. But whatever the decision, one thing is settled. Whether we are to have small families or large, whether we are to have birth control by individuals or birth control by society, we are irrevocably committed to control. Men do not forget a knowledge once acquired nor surrender a power once secured. Birth by physiological accident, birth by necessity, birth by the mere action of an over-powerful, unchallenged sexual impulse, will give way increasingly to birth by human design, to a voluntarism of birth. In the end, no doubt, society, acting through law or education, will determine the size and distribution of the population that is to be born, and we shall doubtless have the children we deserve. A merely individualistic birth control will merge into a socially guided and impelled birth control. It will not be easy, as the legislation of the Roman Empire clearly illustrated; but we do not believe that it is impossible. In any case it is individual versus social control. We are done with the irresponsible stork. We are done with the taboo which forbids discussion of the subject. We are done with the theory that babies, like sunshine and rain, are the gifts and visitations of God, to be accepted submissively and with a grateful heart.

The Undergraduate

IN these days of academic self-analysis, the intellectual calibre of the American undergraduate finds few admirers or defenders. Professors speak resignedly of the poverty of his background and imagination. Even the undergraduate himself in college editorials confesses that the student soul vibrates reluctantly to the larger intellectual and social issues of the day. The absorption in petty gossip, sports, class politics, fraternity life, suggests that too many undergraduates regard their college in the light of a glorified preparatory school where the activities of their boyhood may be worked out on a grandiose scale. They do not act as if they thought of the college as a new intellectual society in which one acquired certain rather definite scientific and professional attitudes, and learned new interpretations which threw experience and information into new terms and new lights. The average undergraduate tends to meet studies like philosophy, psychology, economics, general history, with a frankly puzzled wonder. A whole new world seems to dawn upon him, in its setting and vocabulary alien to anything in his previous life. Every teacher knows this baffling resistance of the undergraduate mind.

It is not so much that the student resists facts and details. He will absorb trusts and labor unions, municipal government and direct primaries, the poems of Matthew Arnold, and James's theory of the emotions. There is no unkindliness of his mind towards fairly concrete material. What he is more or less impervious to is points-of-view, interpretations. He seems to lack philosophy. The college has to let too many undergraduates pass out into professional and business life, not only without the germ of a philosophy, but without any desire for an interpretative clue through the maze. In this respect the American undergraduate presents a distinct contrast to the European. For the latter does seem to get a certain intellectual setting for his ideas which makes him intelligible, and gives journalism and the ordinary expression of life a certain tang which we lack here. Few of our undergraduates get from the college any such intellectual impress.

The explanation is probably not that the student has no philosophy, but that he comes to college with an unconscious philosophy so tenacious that the four years of the college in its present technique can do little to disintegrate it. The cultural background of the well-to-do American home with its "nice" people, its sentimental fiction and popular music, its amiable religiosity and vague moral optimism, is far more alien to the stern secular realism of modern university teaching than most people are willing to admit. The college world would find itself

less frustrated by the undergraduate's secret hostility if it would more frankly recognize what a challenge its own attitudes are to our homely American ways of thinking and feeling. Since the college has not felt this dramatic contrast, or at least has not felt a holy mission to assail our American mushiness of thought through the undergraduate, it has rather let the latter run away with the college.

It is a trite complaint that the undergraduate takes his extra-curricular activities more seriously than his studies. But he does this because his homely latent philosophy is essentially a sporting philosophy, the good old Anglo-Saxon conviction that life is essentially a game whose significance lies in terms of winning or losing. The passion of the American undergraduate for intercollegiate athletics is merely a symbol of a general interpretation for all the activities that come to his attention. If he is interested in politics, it is in election campaigns, in the contests of parties and personalities. His parades and cheerings are the encouragement of a racer for the goal. After election, his enthusiasm collapses. His spiritual energy goes into class politics, fraternity and club emulation, athletics, every activity which is translatable into terms of winning and losing. In Continental universities this energy would go rather into a turbulence for causes and ideas, a militant radicalism or even a more militant conservatism that would send Paris students out into the streets with a "*Cail-laux as-sas-sin!*" or tie up an Italian town for the sake of *Italia Irredenta*. Even the war, though it has called out a fund of anti-militarist sentiment in the American colleges, still tends to be spoken of in terms of an international sporting event. "Who will win?" is the question here.

Now this sporting philosophy by which the American undergraduate lives, and which he seems to bring with him from his home, may be a very good philosophy for an American. It is of the same stuff with our good-humored contempt for introspection, our dread of the "morbid," our dislike of conflicting issues and insoluble problems. The sporting attitude is a grateful and easy one. Issues are decided cleanly. No irritating fringes are left over. The game is won or lost. Analysis and speculation seem superfluous. The point is that such a philosophy is as different as possible from that which motivates the intellectual world of the modern college, with its searchings, its hypotheses and interpretations and revisions, its flexibility and openness of mind. In the scientific world of the instructor, things are not won or lost. His attitude is not a sporting one.

Yet the college has allowed some of these sporting attitudes to be imposed upon it. The undergraduates' gladiatorial contests proceed under

faculty supervision and patronage. Alumni contribute their support to screwing up athletic competition to the highest semi-professional pitch. They lend their hallowing patronage to fraternity life and other college institutions which tend to emphasize social distinction. And the college administration, in contrast to the European scheme, has turned the college course into a sort of race with a prize at the goal. The degree has become a sort of honorific badge for all classes of society, and the colleges have been forced to give it this quasi-athletic setting and fix the elaborate rules of the game by which it may be won—rules which shall be easy enough to get all classes competing for it, and hard enough to make it a sufficient prize to keep them all in the race. An intricate system of points and courses and examinations sets the student working for marks and the completion of schedules rather than for a new orientation in important fields of human interest.

The undergraduate can scarcely be blamed for responding to a system which so strongly resembles his sports, or for bending his energies to playing the game right, rather than assimilating the intellectual background of his teachers. So strongly has this sporting technique been acquired by the college that even when the undergraduate lacks the sporting instinct and does become interested in ideas, he is apt to find that he has only drawn attention to his own precocity and won amused notice rather than respect. In spite of the desire of instructors to get themselves over to their students, in spite of a real effort to break down the "class-consciousness" of teacher and student, the gulf between their attitudes is too fundamental to be easily bridged. Unless it is bridged, however, the undergraduate is left in a sort of Peter Pan condition, looking back to his schoolboy life and carrying along his schoolboy interests with him, instead of anticipating his graduate or professional study or his active life. What should be an introduction to professional or business life in a world of urgent political and social issues, and the acquiring of intellectual tools with which to meet their demands, becomes a sort of sequestered retreat out of which to jump from boyhood into a badly-prepared middle age.

The college will not really get the undergraduate until it becomes more conscious of the contrast of its own philosophy with his sporting philosophy, and tackles his boyish Americanisms less mercifully, or until it makes college life less like that of an undergraduate country club, and more of an intellectual workshop where men and women in the fire of their youth, with conflicts and idealisms, questions and ambitions and desire for expression, come to serve an apprenticeship under the masters of the time.

Economic Pressure and Neutral Interests

AT the basis of British restrictions upon German commerce is the theory that such restrictions are of vital disadvantage to Germany, and only of incidental disadvantage to the neutrals with whom Germany would trade. And this may possibly be true of trade in general. There is no way of computing precisely the respective advantages derived by two nations from the whole body of trade relations. Nevertheless there are some branches of trade in which the balance of advantage may be determined with a fair degree of certainty. It is more important for Germany to receive food-stuffs from America than it is for us to send food-stuffs to Germany. The world offers us excellent alternative markets; it does not offer Germany abundant alternative sources of supply. On the other hand, the trade in dye stuffs is obviously of more importance to us than it is to Germany. Through the stoppage of this trade the Germans lose their manufacturers' and exporters' profits. We lose our importers' profit, and in addition our chances of extending our export trade in textiles are imperilled. It may be very well for our manufacturers to experiment in the home market with dyes that may "run." Our consumers are good-humored, and will appreciate the joke. Not so the Latin-Americans and the Orientals. They will embalm in their exceedingly tenacious memories this further proof that America is a land of painted shams.

There are many minor items of our trade with the Central Empires that have been cut off, with more serious results to ourselves than to them. When the war broke out, our physicians and surgeons were rapidly extending the range of experiment with the therapeutic properties of radium salts, largely imported from Austria. This importation has gone by the board, not of course by express design of the blockading powers, but as an incident to the stoppage of more voluminous branches of trade. There were thousands of victims of incurable maladies buoyed up by the hope that the progress of radiotherapy might be sufficiently accelerated to bring them reprieve. Perhaps the hope was illusory, but it was worth far more to them than the profits of radium reduction to the Austrian refiners. Is this cost too intangible to deserve serious consideration? There are other curative agents, of an efficacy not denied even by the most sceptical practitioners, with which we have been supplied exclusively by Germany. Importation has been stopped, and our stocks are exhausted. In some cases our physicians are left to do battle

with disease by methods rendered altogether obsolete through the progress of German science. It may be noted in passing that this deprivation falls only upon neutrals. By belligerent right, the British have set aside the German patent privileges, and are manufacturing such products for themselves.

It is not necessary to multiply instances to prove that in the commercial intercourse between two nations like the United States and Germany, there is a considerable element that is primarily to our advantage, and that can advance the military interest of Germany only in an insignificant measure, if at all. A due regard to the interests of a friendly nation should lead the blockading nations to reopen the channels for such trade. Through the intermediation of neutrals it would be possible for the warring nations to arrive at a conventional basis for the facilitating of innocent trade, just as conventional bases have been established for the treatment of the nationals of each country resident on hostile soil. The cannibal tribes of West Africa were at pains to keep their private quarrels from interfering too seriously with the trade that moved through their territories. Is it too much to expect that the civilized nations of Europe might in this respect strive to emulate the cannibals?

In the present conflict neither party can afford to lay down its arms until the other manifests a disposition to subordinate the hatreds engendered by war to a spirit of reasonableness. And such a spirit would inevitably receive an impetus from negotiations looking to any restriction upon the scope of hostile action. To exert pressure in behalf of conventional restrictions of this character is accordingly not only the right but the duty of a neutral with interests of its own at stake, and the interests of peace as its special charge.

The New REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915 IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL CHARLOTTE RUDYARD
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

The British Cotton Policy

THE German bid of fifteen cents a pound for a million bales of American cotton delivered in a German port is obviously mere strategy. The Germans might as well have specified delivery in the moon. It was none the less good strategy, if American opinion counts for anything in the present crisis. For the difference between ten-cent cotton, the best that may be expected with that staple on the contraband list, and fifteen-cent cotton, a price that might be attained if shipment to Germany were unimpeded, represents the difference between prosperity and distress to our whole agricultural South.

Hundreds of thousands of our cotton growers will be thrust deeper into the mire of economic dependence by ten-cent cotton. The German offer gives definite arithmetical expression to the effect of the British policy. Assuming that the cotton crop will amount to 12,000,000 bales, the difference between fifteen cents a pound and ten cents is \$300,000,000. And the bitterness in the mind of the cotton producer is not assuaged by the reflection that this \$300,000,000 is not an absolute loss to the world, like the values destroyed in the field of military operations, but is in large part recovered by the manufacturers and consumers of cotton, over one-half of whom are foreigners. Ten-cent American cotton means a saving of \$75,000,000 to the British cotton trade. This is one of our contributions to the cost of the European war, virtually a tax, in the levying of which we had no voice.

"We expected something more from our American cousins," say the apologists of the British policy whenever we raise a question like this. "We are engaged in a life and death struggle, and we have a right to American sympathy, if not support. And now you would hamper us for the sake of a few dirty dollars." The British nation does indeed command the sympathy of the greater part of the American public. In no part of the country was sympathy with the British cause more certainly assured than in the South, where there is practically no German admixture in the population, and where the memory of British friendliness at the time of the Civil War is by no means extinct. Like any other section of the United States, the South would be willing to incur sacrifices to assure ultimate success to British arms in the present conflict. But this does not mean that the South is ready to admit without question the soundness of British judgment as to the expediency of the exclusion of cotton from Germany. It is hardly possible to take seriously the contention that the production of ammunition in Germany can be curtailed by cutting off cotton

imports. So far-sighted a government has undoubtedly made provision for all prospective needs of the ammunition manufacturers. And suppose that the war drags on long enough to exhaust the German cotton stocks; who would have the hardihood to maintain that German inventiveness is not quite competent to provide a satisfactory substitute for cotton?

It has never been made clear that the placing of cotton on the contraband list is anything more than a part of the general economic war that England is conducting against Germany. It appears to be part and parcel of the policy that holds up at Rotterdam over \$150,000,000 worth of German and Austrian goods destined for American consumption. In the one case England is striking at German industry through depriving it of raw materials; in the other case through depriving it of a market. But this is a policy that injures neutrals and belligerents in equal measure. We may possibly sympathize with England's endeavor to wreak a few hundred millions of damage upon German civilians, but our sympathy is put to a severe test when this is done through measures that wreak an equivalent injury upon us.

But even so, we might accept our losses without murmuring if we believed that the economic war would attain its purpose of wearing Germany down. German foreign trade before the war amounted to five billion dollars, exports and imports combined. Absolutely considered, this is a huge sum, and the effect of the war in cutting off foreign markets and supplies must have been to impair in some degree German economic power. Nevertheless, three-fourths of the production of Germany was directed to the supplying of the home market. The closing of foreign markets can have had no effect upon this part of German production. Moreover, most of the production for export was capable of diversion to home consumption—at somewhat lower prices, no doubt. The utmost economic injury that the Allies inflicted upon Germany through destruction of her trade can hardly have amounted to so much as a ten-per cent reduction in average incomes. But it was possible to overcome such a reduction through increased thrift, a virtue the more easily exercised at present in consequence of the exclusion of foreign luxuries by the Allies, and the restriction upon the production of domestic luxuries resulting from shortage of labor.

We cannot believe that the economic war on Germany will wear her down, in any reasonable time, to such a degree that her military power will

crumble. We must therefore regard it as one of those ill-advised policies, adopted rather in a spirit of belligerent bitterness than in a spirit of calculating reason, that are characteristic of all the nations at war. Like the German submarine policy, the British economic war is a futility. It is true that both Germany and England regard it as an impertinence for outsiders to criticize their respective policies. And it would indeed be an impertinence, if we were not expected to help bear the cost of these futilities.

The abandonment of the submarine war on British commerce and the blockade on German, would doubtless reduce somewhat the hardships under which the civilian populations of the warring nations labor. The German housewife would replenish her depleted stock of household cottons, and the British workman would get his food at a slightly lower cost. So much to the bad, say the adherents of the doctrine of "frightfulness." But the chances are that this war will come to an end neither through the military collapse nor the economic exhaustion of either side. It will come to an end when weariness with the costs and miseries of the war overcomes the hatred of the enemy in the popular consciousness of the several belligerent nations. And any policy that is essentially futile con-

tributes more to the hostility on which the war lives than to the disgust that will eventually bring it to a close.

We are universally charged with being a utilitarian people. And this we are in fact, like any other people. We hold to the view that it is our right and duty to defend our economic interests—interests that were securely guaranteed by international law until Anglo-German "frightfulness" wrecked that laboriously constructed edifice. We should none the less willingly forfeit our interests if thereby we might aid in establishing an early and just peace. But we see no reason for believing that the British policy of economic war will bring peace; rather we are convinced that the advent of peace will be delayed by it. And we can hardly be expected to surrender our view of the matter to the British, however strongly we may sympathize with Great Britain in her struggle against autocratic militarism. The British cannot afford to dismiss our contentions with a contemptuous allusion to "dirty dollars." For such an attitude will give impetus to the movement, already under way, to bring pressure upon our government to take steps toward enforcing our right to free commerce upon the seas.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Chances of Being Married

BY common consent a woman's matrimonial chances are properly to be treated humorously, statistically, or "broadly." I am without sense of humor, I abhor statistics, and I am clean-minded; yet I feel there is something I have a right to say on the subject. Yes, as you infer, I am a woman. And as I am still alive, I have been compelled to take extreme precautions to preserve my anonymity, lest my friends presume to a sympathy over-personal. Who the writer is no other woman knows, and only one man. And he is a sociologist, a living machine, in which mountainous heaps of statistics have been milled—statistics of births and deaths, of poverty and riches, of crime, insanity and suicide. These last are most to his taste. He gloats upon bleak conclusions, deductions of despair. I call him my friend; and when life runs too utterly gray, I go to him, as the Indian woman bereft of her child went to the medicine man for bitter roots to gnaw. And that no trace of myself may appear in this paper, I have had him revise and rearrange, expand and delete, as seemed good to him, to the profit of its logic, perhaps, and certainly to the prejudice of its meaning.

I am twenty-nine, and I aver myself to be of

sound body and mind. I spring from one of the oldest and best of American families; my forbears, through several generations, have been cultivated men and women, acquitting themselves well and resolutely in the world. I was graduated from one of the better women's colleges, and trained myself for a profession, through which I win a fair income. My professional standing is good, and in the reunions of my class I am spoken of as a woman who has achieved success. I have been thrown into contact with a great number of men, young, middle-aged and old. But my life has yielded not one single proposal of marriage, not one sentimental advance. No, this is not quite the truth, and why should I not be truthful, under the impenetrable veil of my anonymity? There have been advances, with obvious purpose of shallow adventure, repelled at first with burning indignation, later with disgust, finally only with weariness. Here, you suspect, is a clue? Not at all; your own sisters and daughters could recount to you similar experiences of their own.

"She's probably very homely; she hasn't any magnetism," you say with air of finality. I shall make no extravagant claims to personal charm; you

would not be so vehement in my dispraise as I myself often am. Still, I am very like my grandmother; a replica, my grandfather used to assert, when I would invade the family treasure-chest and dress myself in its quaint and cumbersome robes. "My sweetest Nancy, come to life again!" But two good men fought for my grandmother's hand, and one was killed. Imagine how the event glowed, horribly and entrancingly, in the family memory. It made every boy born to the house feel somewhat more of a man; it made every girl conscious of herself as worth a man's blood. I grew up to that consciousness myself. But no man has appeared who would prick a drop from his finger for me.

"It is all a matter of demand and supply," says my friend the sociologist. "In your grandmother's day there were two eligible men to one eligible woman. Hence the women were all fair and the men were brave. To-day the proportions are reversed. Therefore the men have become prigs and dandies, or else brutes, and the women—of course they are still fair—" do you catch his complacent cackle?—"but they're a drug on the market. Content yourselves with the consolations of philosophy, my dears."

Such a disproportion of the sexes seems something improbable, contrary to nature, does it not? But the sociologist offers an interpretation which, stripped of his tedious scientific phraseology, runs about like this: A change has come over the world, ominous for the middle class, to which, the sociologist says, I belong by virtue of the fact that my family has been represented in the pulpit and at the bar, in politics and in business. All girls born into the middle class stay in it; only by desperate measures can a middle-class woman get herself *déclassée*. Of the boys, one-half succeed in keeping their footing, the other half fail to win position and livelihood, and so fall out and disappear. The places of the failures are taken by men rising from the lower classes, but these bring up their women folk with them. Thus there will be at any time two eligible middle-class women to one man. Says the sociologist, "Of the hundreds and thousands of blooming young women issuing from the schools and colleges, each with her face serenely masking her dream of a prince and domestic felicity, less than one-half will ever be married, scarcely one-half will even be seriously wooed." Inspiring thought, fit for a sociologist! But will not most of these young women remain single through choice? Does not each one you know tell you she prefers her "career" to matrimony? To be sure; I myself have told many of you this; and you, O monuments of credulity, have believed it.

Still, had I not one chance out of two? No. According to my authority, the scanty supply of

eligible men is subject to a corner more efficacious than any existing in the business world. The machinery by which the corner is engined is known as "society." "Let us analyze the conditions existing in almost any middle-class circle," intones the sociologist. "Such a circle may be conceived as a primitive polity, in the metronymic stage of development. At the head of it stands usually a dowager, whose word, for some good historical reason, is law. Next below her a small number of women, minor dowagers and middle-aged wives, making up, together with the immediate members of their families, 'the' people. Below this, a number of grades of the 'possible,' to be admitted to social functions when mass is desired, to be excluded when the requirement is quality.

"This organization has absolute power over the eligible middle-class bachelor. It can offer him the pleasures and the prestige of admission to the most select gatherings; it can offer him the advantages of easy social intercourse with his elders, who control the avenues to success in the professions, politics and business. What can he give in return for such privileges? Nothing less than his passive self. He must submit cheerfully to being thrown accidentally, with miraculous frequency, into the society of the selfsame girl, until finally, be she beautiful or only *piquante*—there are no other grades among 'the' people—he succumbs to the forces of propinquity and the reasonable expectation of everybody who counts. Thus does the dowager machine impound the whole supply of available men, letting none of it escape so long as any of the maidens in favor with the machine remain unmatched. Was there ever so ironclad a monopoly?"

I do not accept the sociologist's doctrine without qualification; still less do you. But you won't deny that there is a grain in it. We have all seen the mechanism working, and working with remarkable efficiency. It has never been operated in my behalf. My parents were at no pains to win a place in "society." My father, a country lawyer, immersed himself in his briefs; what time he could afford for social intercourse he devoted to the misfits, the poor young men, working their way through college under handicaps of ill health or repellent personality; the reformers, whose ethical zeal wrought grievous wrong to their economic status; the writers whose books had nothing to recommend them but their literary merit. A queer lot, I can assure you, matrimonially utterly ineligible themselves, and scarecrows to such eligibles as did occasionally slip through to us in consequence of defects in the dowager machine.

Let me not seem to be bitter against the dowager machine. If it robbed me of what I may, in my

anonymity, brazenly describe as my rightful chance to satisfy the most fundamental of human needs, it increased the chance of some middle-class sister of mine, who would perhaps have relished "economic independence" and professional success even less than I do. To quote my sociological authority again, "The machine affects the distribution of eligibles, but it does not affect the supply of them. To smash the machine would leave the problem of the middle-class spinster untouched. The solution lies deeper.

"The time will come when the women of the middle class will become conscious of the fact that, though unregarded by the men of their own class, to the men of the working class they are princesses. It is every man's secret desire to marry above his station—cosmic recognition of the fact that man tends to grow toward his wife's level. You middle-class women can therefore offer a most redoubtable competition to the working-class women, and appropriate to yourselves the choicest men of the class. All that deters you is fear of the talk of others of your class—especially the talk of the very dowagers who are fencing you off from men of your own kind. Now, as to your own case. There is *Giucciardini*——"

I break off the interview with every visible sign of outraged dignity. *Giucciardini* was originally a bootblack, under a *padrone*; next he set up a chair of his own; soon he branched out into peanuts and fruit; now he owns the best shoe store in town, and is said to have a lot of stock in the bank and the wholesale grocery. He is only thirty, and there cannot be the least doubt that he will become so rich that the future Mrs. *Giucciardini* will be admitted to the town's elect. I do not need the sociologist's myopic eyes to help me perceive that *Giucciardini* is handsome; *Praxiteles* never modelled a more beautiful head and torso. *Giucciardini* speaks purer English than do Americans, and Tuscan falls from his lips like music and red wine. He has the most exquisite manners, and he fits a shoe with a tingling deftness that makes one muse. I could have—pardon the expression—*Giucciardini*. How I know this I cannot divulge even here. I know it, and so does the sociologist. But it is impossible. I am afraid. If it turned well, I should still be *déclassée*; if it turned ill—as even equal matings do often enough—where should I stand? It may be that the time will come when one woman of the middle class will accept the risk, then another, then whole schools of them, and that finally the men of the class will wake to find half their sisters and cousins going over to the enemy. But this will not be in my period of life, or at any rate not in my period of youth, which comes to the same thing in the end.

When I was a child my father once pointed out

to me a little cherry-tree, the bark of which had been completely gnawed around by a marauding rabbit. "It will bloom more beautifully than ever, and then it will die." Day by day I watched the tree. Its buds came forth in due season and burst into an efflorescence beyond my imaginings. The whole orchard seemed to faint with the perfume of the little tree. Then death fell upon it, and its petals shrivelled up like tea leaves; its olive-green bark blackened and cracked in the spring sun. That tree comes vividly to my mind when I survey the groups of young women issuing from the college gates. Did women ever bloom more richly? One-half of them will never marry. We come of infinitely long lines of ancestresses who mated and bore children and reared them in care and joy. And so it is probably in our blood that we feel a bit lonely, at the uttermost edge of the universe, the petals of our lives shrivelling and dropping one by one into the abyss.

The Decline of College Presidents

ALMOST a *pater familias* to his small faculty, something even of a high priest in sectarian institutions, the old-time college president was above all a man of scholarly attributes and habits. The noble forehead, stooped shoulders, and flowing silver locks proclaimed it; the black broadcloth, white choker, and comfortable gold-rimmed spectacles emphasized it. Administrative tasks rested lightly upon him. Even in institutions of considerable size he found time for lectures to senior students on such awe-inspiring and recondite subjects as metaphysics, Christian evidences, and political economy. Sage bellwether of a little flock of gentle scholars, all of them browsing very much at will—thus the college president is portrayed for us in the memoirs of the last generation.

Idyllic no doubt the picture is, but it has become as obsolete as a daguerreotype. The trim, dapper gentleman of the pince-nez and business suit, young and alert in spite of his fifty years, who now occupies the presidential chair of our colleges, is a being of a totally different order. Primarily he is a business man with a big proposition to put over. Faculties have expanded into imposing hierarchies, campuses have become congested with the numerous buildings necessary to a large-scale educational plant, student bodies once reckoned by tens must now be counted by hundreds and even thousands. Gratifying developments all these in many ways, but they have one important point in common. To be kept going they require money in large amounts. And the unwritten principle of modern college administration is that the president is there to get the money.

It is a difficult task, a task of constantly increasing magnitude. "To beg like a college president" has become a byword, but the case deserves sympathy rather than a sneer. Often the motive behind his money-grabbing activities is a really touching devotion to the education of youth. If the college depends upon endowments the rich members of the board of trustees have to be kept in good humor; if it is a state institution the honorable members of the House and Senate must be cajoled. It would require a Balzac to do justice to the sheer human comedy of the devices employed—dignified statements of great opportunities to advance the cause of higher education; shady intrigues to keep steadfast unto death the affections of ancient, ailing spinsters with fat rent rolls; effective public hearings staged before legislative committees; quiet talks behind closed doors with political bosses; statistical expositions and diagrams showing institutional growth and needs; honorary degrees and tactful social attentions to the *nouveau riche*; urgent requests for contributions of from five to ten dollars addressed to alumni in moderate circumstances; appeals in the grand manner for hundreds of thousands directed to great captains of industry and finance; in short, every known form of solicitation, great or small, noble or petty.

Considering the essentially economic nature of such occupations, it is curious that the old tradition of selecting college presidents from the ranks of professors should still obtain. Sometimes a newly appointed executive announces that he intends to continue his scientific work and even part of his teaching. Brave efforts to redeem such pledges are made, but in no institution of any size are they continued for more than a year or two. And in larger universities the president is soon forced by his dollar-hunting duties to transfer many of the educational obligations for which he is primarily responsible to deans, committees, and administrative assistants. Of course he enjoys large individual compensations in salary and prominence for his enforced abandonment of the learned career, but regret must often linger nevertheless. From the social point of view it is grossly wasteful that a nation rich in business ability but poor in fine scholarship, should lay a heavy toll upon the latter for the filling of purely administrative positions.

By almost superhuman effort a college president sometimes succeeds in making a real contribution to science or literature. Such instances are so infrequent, however, that they merely emphasize the brevity of the leisure allowed him by more insistent tasks. The normal presidential output consists of an occasional showy article, pretentious booklet, or platitudinous baccalaureate address. Deceived by such glittering counterfeits, the great public holds

complacently to the traditional view that college presidents are giant intellects, veritable "senators of science." But faculties are beginning to see them as they are, namely, men of affairs to a very large degree. For this reason rather than because of any antagonism the Association of University Professors excluded them from membership. There is, nevertheless, a growing divergence of interest between presidents and faculties which unfortunately is emphasized by various artificial distinctions.

From this point of view, while thoroughly in keeping with the business aspects of the case, it is to be regretted that the salary of the college president has been so greatly advanced. As a result he is lifted at once to a standard of living impossible to any members of the faculty except the very few who have large personal means. Also it has become customary to inaugurate college presidents with a degree of ceremonial pomp that suggests a world event of the first magnitude. Newly appointed professors, on the other hand, usually take their chairs without formalities of any kind. For the benefit of the latter might it not be well to introduce the simple and severe custom of the *Antrittsrede* which so often makes the first appearance of a new teacher in a German university a scientific event of the first importance?

In faculty circles one of the commonest accusations against the president is exceedingly short and ugly. Seldom, however, does investigation show that the percentage of mendacity is any greater in the executive seat than in college chairs. But there is a decided significance in the fact that charges of this character nearly always refer to financial matters, such as questions of salary, departmental appropriations, or the disposition of fees. They furnish additional proof that the relation of president to professor has largely ceased to be that of scholar to scholar and has become that of business head to departmental subordinate.

According to a venerable tradition, it is the function of the president to represent the board in the faculty and the faculty in the board. There is a growing conviction in academic circles, however, that college executives are weakening in the performance of the second of these duties. Yet the truly remarkable feature of the situation is the extent to which the president maintains his powers. Of course he is aided by his prestige as an educational authority and by the fact that he is always in touch with his institution, whereas members of the board can escape from their pressing business obligations to hold meetings not more than three or four times a year. Thus it happens that an adroit president may carry his proposals ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But even in this situation, favorable as it may appear, there is the possibility of danger. On

the hundredth occasion the president, if there is anything yellow in his moral composition, may fail to stand firm on a matter of scholarly principle against a body of gentlemen so complaisant, so rich, generous, and withal so powerful, as his trustees. It is in this way, perhaps, that one may best comprehend certain flagrant cases of surrender to the demand: "Give me John Baptist's head in a charger."

Even when college presidents are most successful in dominating the board, their chief characteristic otherwise is apt to be an appalling timidity. As against the many shades of opinion and partisanship represented among the trustees they seem to take on an absolutely neutral protective coloring. This is most strikingly shown by the rank conventionalism of educational forms in nearly all our colleges and universities. As centers of criticism and research they should be engaged continually in the invention and sifting of methods of instruction, organization, and expansion. In the United States one would expect to find at least twelve experiments in higher education as big and promising as the Wisconsin idea, but alas, there is only the one.

Splendid possibilities of educational and social leadership lie dormant in the office of college president, nor has the glory of the old scholarly tradition quite disappeared. But to realize the former and to recreate the latter much constructive effort will be required. Faculties can help greatly by standing more boldly for greater freedom and for pure scientific and literary ideals. Presidents themselves must take a firmer position against the forces that are making them mere fiscal agents. As a first step they should put the responsibility for collecting funds where it belongs, namely with the finance committees of their boards. Also, if the academic viewpoint is to receive proper consideration the purely business elements that now weigh so heavily among the trustees must be balanced by strong scholarly contingents. Only by decisive measures can college presidents avert a further serious decline in character and influence that will reduce them ultimately from the highest of professional eminences to the inferior rank of corporate managers.

FACULTAS.

Enrolling the English Nation

IT is well understood in England that among the many forces which united last May to replace the Liberal Cabinet by a coalition War Government, not the least powerful was the influence of the party which puts the establishment of compulsory service at the head of its program. The new Government has been fortunate so far in the unity of the support that has been accorded to it; but with the meeting of Parliament this month there will be danger from two sources, which are closely related one to the other. The first is the labor situation. The second is the renewed and acute controversy over national compulsion for the army and navy.

It was freely prophesied in some quarters that the first important measure of the new Government would be a conscription law, but three months ago the urgency of increasing the supply of munitions so greatly transcended all other questions that the Cabinet was not called upon to decide for or against the abandonment of voluntary enlistment. Ministers were known to be divided in opinion, although it was believed that the fusion of parties had given the conscriptionists a majority in the Government. The passing of the National Register act was evidence in favor of this view. The idea of the Register came from the Conservative side, and it was supported in advance by only a few of the more important Liberal organs. The bill, however, went

through without difficulty, for obviously the Coalition Government must command the weight of voting in the House of Commons. The Register, which was made with remarkable speed and smoothness in the middle of August, is an entirely new thing in English public life. It contains the name of every person, male and female, in Great Britain (not in Ireland), between the ages of 15 and 65, with exact particulars of occupation. Twenty-three million forms were filled up, every one of them containing an answer to the inquiry whether the person registering was skilled in any work other than that in which he or she is now employed, and if so, whether he or she were willing to undertake such work for the Government if required.

There was, and is, no difference of opinion as to the Register's main purpose. It is primarily designed to furnish the Government with accurate statistics of the country's resources in men of military age. The names of such men are being taken out first, and entered upon special pink forms which go to the recruiting department of the War Office. The Government is pledged not to make use of the Register for the indirect establishment of compulsion, and the pledge has just been reaffirmed by Lord Kitchener. But there is nothing in this. The Government, if compulsion were resolved upon, would declare the policy in Parliament; the Register would be an aid to direct, not indirect, conscription. It

has been explained by Lord Kitchener himself and other high authorities that the pink forms will be made the basis of systematic personal appeals, so that every man of fighting age must be able during this autumn to show adequate cause for remaining out of the army. What then is the next step?

The whole country is asking this question, and the conscriptionists, of course, are ready with their answer. On the morrow of the day upon which the registration was done they began a new campaign on behalf of compulsory service, and as upon this question the newspapers grouped with the *London Times* are reinforced by other Conservative journals, notably the *Morning Post*, and by some fresh converts from among Liberal politicians, the discussion has assumed a more vigorously controversial character than it has worn at any time since the outbreak of war. The main arguments on both sides may easily be condensed into small compass.

The advocates of immediate and universal compulsion contend that voluntary recruiting, though achieving numerical results which must be counted marvellous, is wasteful, irregular, and unfair. The best, the most valuable, men are those who respond quickly to the call. A far too large proportion are married, so that the family allowances and pensions mount up to an enormous figure. Many thousands of those now at the front and in camp would, under a more even and efficient system, have been left in the industrial army, while men drawn from the less essential occupations would have been sent to the trenches. It is such occupations, according to this view, that provide harborage for the multitudes of "slackers" and "shirkers" who continue, in the face of imminent national danger and unlimited solicitation, to resist the call. Compulsory service, again, would make an end once for all of the immense and varied display of posters, the recruiting, meetings, the personal and social pressure, which one eminent compulsionist, Lord Milner, has lately been deriding as "conscription by cajolery." And, finally, it would make clear to the Allies and to Germany the reality and fullness of the English resolve to achieve ultimate and absolute victory.

Such is the conscriptionist case. The opposing arguments are based, to begin with, inevitably upon the fact of the new armies—some three millions of men raised and trained in a year, with the stream of recruits still flowing in, and upon the superb quality and spirit of this the largest volunteer force ever assembled in the world. To the assertion that a voluntary army is uneconomical the reply is twofold: first, that England could never be brought to tolerate cheap conscription; secondly, that a conscript contingent paid at a nominal rate could not be grafted on to the national army now in the

field, which has a wholly different economic basis. The difficulty of apportioning men between the fighting and industrial services could not be met by compulsion at the present stage, since the men already trained are in or rapidly going into the fighting line, while the reorganization of industry is day by day absorbing every man capable of being employed in the production of munitions. Further, in twelve months of war the Government has created a military organization designed to meet the demands of a prolonged struggle; the attempt to create and establish a fresh system at the time of maximum strain on the administration, would bring, not additional strength to the British arms, but widespread chaos and a waste of resources beyond anything which the country has hitherto suffered.

These, however, are the merely obvious objections; there are others of deeper import. The strength of England hitherto has been in her unbroken national unity, which, it is urged, could not survive the imposition of a compulsory system. The middle classes, who have contributed in an astonishing degree to the new armies, would in all likelihood not oppose the change very strongly, but to the working classes, and especially the trade-unionists, it would be profoundly repugnant. The immediate result would probably be the fall of the Government and reconstruction, possibly under another Prime Minister—a result which some of those that engineered the last Cabinet crisis would regard as an additional triumph. In any case, the advocates of the voluntary system assert, the country would have sacrificed the priceless asset of national unity, and the cause of the Allies would suffer incalculably through the weakening of the mighty force which seems at this moment to be the one security against the German domination of Europe.

What may be described as the middle view in England to-day is that the question is emphatically not one for partisan agitation. The Government and the military authorities alone can judge whether the existing system promises to bring in enough men, and the right kind of men; they alone can say when, if at all, a change of policy and method will be necessary. One thing perhaps may be said with reasonable certainty: should the war continue beyond the second winter, England can hardly hope to escape obligatory service in some form. But by that time the calling in of the selective authority of the state will have passed beyond speculative argument; and those are surely in the right who maintain that if, or when, the day of necessity comes, the momentous change shall be made, not as the result of a manufactured panic, but deliberately, with the consent of the majority of the nation

instructed in all the essential facts, and with the most careful provision of democratic safeguards.

There are plain reasons why the present agitation has provoked deep popular antagonism. It is organized on behalf of classes and interests whose representatives have avowed their aim as the making of another England by means of the war; an England which, as one impenitent class organ put it, shall have thrown on to the dust heap the "vile stuff" of political principle upon which the modern democracy has been developing. These people are resolved upon conscription, not as a regrettable and temporary expedient for securing victory, but because they see it as the one way of subjugating the British democracy. Thus they contend that "if the nation is to remain a nation of freemen, all must submit to the control that directs a people as one man." Now the modern Englishman, for all his individualism, understands the need and the benefit of organization; the British trade-unionist has built up a system of collective self-discipline which, with all its faults, represents an advance towards organic democracy. He understands how these things harmonize with the democratic state, but before conscription is adopted as an immediate military necessity, he has a right to some guaranty that it is not to be used as an instrument of industrial exploitation and political oppression.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Art in Moving Pictures

REASON for a certain prejudice against moving pictures is not far to seek. Most of them appeal frankly to emotions not aesthetic. They attempt to tell a dramatic story, they do not try to arouse any mood of exaltation. They give scant opportunity for the contemplation of the "pattern beauty" which informs a work of art. They have not that "significant form" which, as Mr. Clive Bell tells us, is the essence of the beautiful. Indeed in the very phrase, "work of art," there is something static and fixed, rather than plastic. Deep ingrained in most of us, I fancy, is an intellectualistic habit of thinking which irresistibly tempts us to find our definition of beauty in something immovable—marble, or canvas, or stone, or letters. It is difficult to conceive of a work of art that doesn't keep still.

Yet if a delineative and suggestive gesture of a great actress may be called "artistic," there seems to be no *a priori* reason why the quality of motion should excommunicate objects from the aesthetic category. The crux lies in the question, do moving pictures ever stir aesthetic emotion? For myself, I feel that they do. In "The Birth of a Nation,"

whatever our opinion of its sectional and racial bias, no one would deny that there are some very fine moments. One of them comes in a picture of the Ku Klux Klan riders galloping over the brow of a hill. In the foreground of the picture is a dark, vague mass—the steep side of a hill in shadow. Riders and horses swing along the ridge, silhouetted in sharp black against a narrow crimson sky. Although etched into the perception with deft, sure strokes, the picture is yet wrapped in a sort of penumbra of glamorous suggestion, and every audience spontaneously applauds when it flashes upon the screen. Now it would be nonsense to say that into that applause does not enter an element of appreciation for the dramatic fitness of the picture, an expression of the vicarious excitement of the chase. But over and above this more turbid emotion is a degree of pure thrill at the intrinsic fitness of form and balance and symmetry, a degree of real aesthetic emotion. Not all is just dramatic or factitious or superficial; there is a touch of the eternal—of art.

If at any particular moment the picture had become fixed, if we had seen a particular pose rather than a succession of poses, the "still," as it is expressively called in the jargon of the studios, would also have been intrinsically beautiful. The effect of the motion, far from destroying this aesthetic core, is to enrich it. A tossing sea may sprawl out towards us its long, white arms of foam, stirring a vague and restless feeling of struggle or fear, or as an immutable form it may stir our aesthetic perception. A peaceful inland lake may arouse a sense of physical wellbeing, or, seen as a delicate cameo of silver framed in green, it may quicken our sense of beauty; but surely there can be no doubt that the lake in repose would be a less powerful aesthetic form than the ocean in travail. So, too, a motionless rider would be less wonderful against this background than a stream of living ones.

The art form towards which moving pictures seem to be struggling is a form of suggestive pantomime. Just what type of pantomime this will be we cannot yet say, but it seems fairly certain that it will be on the order of a frank, naturalistic spectacle, such as "Cabiria." It will not lie in "screen versions" of famous novels or plays, however much this particular kind of feature film may be exploited at the present time. For these "screen versions" are neither more nor less than a book or play; they are essentially different. Moving picture directors in their more honest moments will tell you this. They know only too well that "movie" plays are not the same in structure or form as the regular "legitimate" plays from which they are now so often taken. "A fair average," a director said to me recently, "is this: one-third is taken direct from the original play, one-third more is adapted with

considerable alteration, one-third is original—created.”

The emotional appeal of a book or play adapted for the movies is much weaker than the emotional appeal of an original “movie” play. Compare an ordinary short film, written especially for the screen, with the photo-play version of some famous novel which you have not read. (In case you have read it, a fair judgment will be difficult, because associations and memories give the film a certain extrinsic value.) There will be no question—the frank “movie” play will be remembered long after the tedious episodic feature film is forgotten. In these cases where the adaptation is highly interesting you will find that the first model has undergone a marvelous change. I know how surprised I was when I first realized this, but persistent questionings about others’ experiences with the “movies” brought confirmation. It would seem then that moving pictures will develop, aesthetically and every other way, in proportion as they confine themselves to their own particular field of pantomimic narrative, flung against suggestive and beautiful backgrounds. They will develop in the degree that they cease imitating other arts and formulate an art of their own.

The key to such development lies in the hands of the director. With the introduction of well-known actors and actresses to the camera the histrionic standard of the “movies” has been raised immeasurably in the last three years. Gone are the

old nervous fidgeting, the exaggerated emphasis, the perpetual restlessness; the value of restraint has been learned, together with the imaginative power of quiet methods, the force of few gestures. Furthermore, the enormous financial development of moving pictures has permitted the commandeering of the talent of some of our ablest fiction writers for the “movies.” Yet the real power for development is not in actor or author, it is in the director. The welding together of story, acting, scene, the selection of detail, the moulding and shaping of incident, are all essentially his. Therefore it is good to learn that effort and money are more and more being devoted to acquiring imaginative men for directors. On them and no one else rests the future of moving pictures.

On us, as outsiders, rests the duty of dignifying his profession. To encourage our young men of imagination and culture, of aesthetic sensibilities, to go into the work of directing the production of moving pictures is merely to be wise before the event. There seems reason to believe that the new severity of competition for popularity in moving pictures may in time automatically bring about this already perceptible change for the better in the calibre of directors. But we shall lose nothing and gain much if quite consciously we help to hasten a progress which without our attention or our interest may well be fumbling and feeble and discouragingly slow.

HAROLD STEARNS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ibsen and Father Daly

SIR: The only fair way to criticize a literary critic is on a literary issue: i. e., a question of right perception of another’s meaning. It is here that I venture to question your interpretation of the word “preoccupation” in your (mainly) fair and just strictures on the viewpoint of Father Daly as to Ibsen-reading in *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for August 28th. I must ask you first to concede that priesthood is a trade, like plumbing, or analyzing Aramaic—Greek roots. There is a class-consciousness among priests, whether Roman, Greek or Anglican (as among competing physicians). In short, being a priest, I happen to know what Father Daly meant better than do you, who know so many other things better than either of us.

Ibsen was “preoccupied” with the “animal side of man” for the precise reason that Homer wasn’t—because, in his life, it did not have its normal and rightful place. He was frail and chronically neurasthenic. His Puritanism forbade him to live a complete life, emotionally. And his religion was that nineteenth century individualism which thinned the word “spiritual” into an essence which was quite without human grit and meaning. So Ibsen was “preoccupied” with the physical like many a modern and

ancient ascetic, for the very reason that he tried to put it out of his life. (One finds traces of the same thing in Tennyson, Pater, and others among the Victorian “Sons of Anak”). If you read de Maupassant’s “The Coward” carefully, you can discern in it the same kind of “preoccupation” with “the future life.” (Your random shot hit true.) The fear of death—and doubt of a hereafter is the only rational and real reason for any one’s fearing death—runs like a sombre monochord through all his brilliant stories, even the quite earthly “Bel-Ami.” What a man tries to evade gets into his work when he writes, just as what a penitent tries to suppress, psychologically is sure to come out in confession. And it is just because Father Daly has had that experience (an occupational disease if you like!), that he uses “preoccupied” in this “back of the mind” sense. It was good for Ibsen to rid his consciousness of that preoccupation. He might have ranked rather nearer Homer, with no loss of his scientific temper, had he merely gone to confession. Which, of course, will be merely a rare joke in the office of *THE NEW REPUBLIC*.

I don’t know about Lucifer. He seems more like the “Anointed Kaiser” and the twentieth century to me, despite Mr. Alfred Kerr. Ibsen was too sad to be the modern

evangel of revolt. And the new liberation must be more joyous, as well as relentlessly rational, than the old tyrannies, if it is to get nearer to the heart of the times than does Father Daly and the medievalism he represents.

It is certain that (Roman) "Catholic girls will read" your assemblage of worthies—all but Freud and Strindberg are of the Ibsen nineteenth century period, by the way—just as their feminist ancestresses of the Renaissance read the Heptameron. But the modern girl of whatever faith, except perhaps, a negative positivism will mainly laugh at them—or, more likely find them dull. All but Anatole France, whose wit may save him. The trouble with Father Daly is that he is a "grown-up" priest. It is the whole trouble with his order.

Should your curiosity be at all piqued by my apparent mingling of viewpoints, may I add that I am an Anglican Modernist who is mainly amazed, in enjoying THE NEW REPUBLIC, at its tacit assumption that what you assail as "medieval ecclesiasticism" is in any sense the Christian religion, or even historic Catholicism. You should read your George Tyrrell to better purpose. Or are you "bronze giants," perhaps, "preoccupied," too, in Father Daly's meaning, with a false concept of the historic Christ?

WALLACE HERBERT BLAKE.

Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Messrs. Angell and Usher

SIR: Mr. Usher has said that we can't adopt Norman Angell's "new kind of war" even if we want to; now Mr. Patten says that we ought not to want to adopt it even if we can. His letter to THE NEW REPUBLIC meets Mr. Angell's argument obliquely—perhaps because the argument itself was not clearly understood. Mr. Patten talks of the morality and possible advantage of yielding temporarily to Germany. Norman Angell's proposition is in the nature of an hypothesis wherein the advisability of going to war has been assumed. In other words, the emphasis is not on the counsel, "Go to war with Germany," but on the question, "If you desire to go to war with Germany, why not pursue this kind of warfare?" In fact, the words "any country" might be substituted for Germany and the article lose none of its force.

The question which Mr. Patten raises is one which, of course, should not be lightly passed over. Should a country ever yield, even temporarily, in matters involving fundamental principles? Should justice and humanity and honor ever be temporized with? This is, fortunately, still an open question, for to many it has seemed too ironical to send men to slaughter for the sake of justice and humanity.

Norman Angell proposes a boycott of an offending nation or nations arranged by agreement with their enemies. Mr. Patten objects that this is not open and honest. Why not? It is to be openly declared. Let us look closer and see just what is proposed. In any war all trade and communication is stopped between the belligerent countries; war at present means boycott plus slaughter. Mr. Angell proposes boycott alone, worked out on a larger scale. It cannot be contrary to "warriors' morality," since it is already used by warriors. It does not involve injuring a nation when its attention is turned toward other foes, for the country adopting the plan would, naturally, have become a foe.

To most of us the warriors' standard of morality, as understood to-day, is a negligible quantity. It seems to condone Zeppelin attacks by night, fighting with machine

guns and submarine warfare—none of them particularly open and honest. It is just because we scarcely care to descend so low that we approve of Norman Angell's scheme.

The real objection to it is on the ground of its impracticability, and that question has already been sufficiently discussed in these pages. One might conceivably add the objection that the two parts of Mr. Angell's doctrine do not go well together. He has maintained that war is not profitable because trade and industry are controlled not by nations, but by international groups of individuals. Yet his new kind of war presupposes a vast increase in national control of commerce, finance, etc. We must grant, however, that such control is not unusual in war time or absolutely impossible at any time.

The real advantage of the plan is that in it may be contained the germ of something bigger—perhaps of a union of the more important nations to keep peace and enforce it by concerted action. It will be a good thing for civilization and for morality if such action may involve a boycott of an aggressive nation rather than the killing of her best citizens.

HARRIET FOX WHICHER.

New York City.

Germany's Precarious Future

SIR: It seems to me that the author of the article on "Germany's Financial Resources" in THE NEW REPUBLIC of September 4th decides the case without considering all the facts. Moreover, the facts which he omits were controlling facts.

It sounds plausible to say that if fifteen million British could easily support a debt of four billion dollars in 1815, seventy million Germans should be able to take care of seventeen billions in 1920, but the deduction is unsound.

Many elements entered into the success of the Allies in 1814-1815; but the most potent influence was the financial strength of Great Britain and the corresponding weakness of France and her dependent states. Fifteen millions carried with ease the burden which forty millions carried with difficulty in spite of continuous victory on land. Why? Because Great Britain maintained an effective blockade of the Continent, and France was never able to make her retaliatory measures effective.

As a consequence, the export trade of Great Britain grew by leaps and bounds. She captured one market after another until she controlled the business of the world. The trade of France languished. Even after an impressive triumph like Austerlitz, the first concern of the emperor was to meet panic conditions in Paris. The merchant fleet of France was shut up in French ports; that of Great Britain sailed every sea, and was safe except when our own men-of-war and privateers were busy in 1812-1815.

To-day Great Britain occupies the same position as in 1800-1815. On the other hand, Germany is in a situation akin to that of France under Napoleon I. Her merchant fleet is captured or shut up in port. Her export trade is paralyzed. Her railroads and public utilities must be operating without profit. Her mercantile classes are being pushed to the wall. In the light of these facts I think that the conclusion of the article on "Germany's Financial Resources" should be revised, for should such conditions continue until 1920—or, indeed, for a much shorter period—it is impossible to see anything but ruin ahead for Germany.

THOMAS ROBINS.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

New Music in America

SIR: In a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, Mr. H. K. Moderwell has written an article on so-called "Futurist Music," in which he says that American audiences have had practically no chance to hear this modern music, and that men like Stravinsky and Ravel "are heard here only at small, inquisitive gatherings of amateurs."

I think that Mr. Moderwell is somewhat mistaken in this statement, as Mr. Walter Damrosch, in his regular series of New York Symphony Society concerts, has produced many works of Stravinsky and Ravel, and also performed Sibelius' Fourth Symphony for the first time in America. A few of these ultra-modern compositions performed by him last season were:

"Daphnis and Chloe," by Ravel; "Le Festin l'Araignée," by Roussel; "Le joli jeu de Furet," by Roger Ducasse; "Islamey," by Bálákirew.

This seems to me to prove conclusively that in New York, at least, the public are given many opportunities of becoming acquainted with new developments in music that are worth while. This is true to-day and has been true in the past, as such men as Wagner, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Di Qudy, Debussy, and many others, received the first performances of their works outside their native countries in the concerts of the New York Symphony Society and other similar organizations.

ALICE DAMROSCH PENNINGTON.

East Setauket, N. Y.

[The correspondent seems to have misjudged the tone of my article. I was by no means implying that American audiences are denied the opportunity of hearing new music or that influential conductors and artists in this country are narrow in their tastes. The Stravinsky piece which the correspondent refers to was "Fireworks," unless I am mistaken, and this being in his early manner can hardly be called "futuristic." Neither can "Le Festin de l'Araignée," nor, I should think, the Ducasse piece. In my article, the term "futurist music" was considerably narrowed. But it was an omission not to mention Mr. Damrosch's performance of "Daphnis and Chloe," and I should be glad to have the correction made in the pages of THE NEW REPUBLIC. I was not, of course, attempting an exact or exhaustive listing, but I am sorry if I should have seemed to be withholding due credit from Mr. Damrosch and other conductors who have been influential in keeping American concert programs to a high and catholic standard.

H. K. M.]

Wider Significance of Suffrage

SIR: In a recent issue of a popular periodical there appears from the pen of a gentleman distinguished alike for his personal charm and for his political vicissitude, an article in which, with smoothly flowing style and a mildly subversive tolerance, he solves the question of woman suffrage.

To the true feminist the agitation for woman suffrage is but the surface indication of a deeper movement which is frequently not apprehended even by its advocates. This less obvious motive toward the fuller individualization of woman is inextricably bound to and limited by the progress of a larger tendency of which it is but a part. The fuller life and the nobler form of man, in the generic, toward which this movement urges may perhaps be attained as the fruition of more highly collective forms of society. As to the suffrage movement itself, however, the chief value seems to lie in its educational reaction on its advocates and adherents. Many increases in points of human con-

tact result, naturally, from the formation of this new social aggregate—the suffrage party. To the independent and self-supporting woman this increase of social complexity gives wider aspects and a greater feeling of social solidarity. For the married woman there is frequently an awakening from the unconscious and unintentional mental or spiritual subjection to the male who may be her main source of information as to the broader world about her. Education, breadth of human understanding, an increased group consciousness, and a lessening of individual authority are the justifying fruits of the movement. The victories of the suffragists are therefore to be looked upon as of sentimental value, largely, in that they indicate progress. Despite the arguments of agitators or the popular opinion of their foremost opponents, these victories should not be read as promising immediate radical improvement in social forms or in economic life. Such changes are not directly conditioned upon the progress of suffragism, but must await, upon the part of the larger group of both sexes, that social education and awakening for which woman suffrage can lay only a portion of the foundation.

Such a *reductio ad absurdum* as Mr. Taft reaches by assuming that women wish the vote as an inalienable right inseparable from citizenship, and then concluding that "on such a theory the suffrage should be extended to children and babes in arms," may be justified only as the device of a debater.

But it is not his attitude toward woman suffrage that has impelled the writer to cry aloud from printed pages, so much as his use of such terms as "inalienable right," "inexorable law of economics," and "millennial legislation." It is an inexorable law of economics that each child born into the world has an inalienable right to such handicaps of physical and mental, nurture and training as may correspond to his parents' estate. In the city of Washington a certain coal company displays in its window a picture of some breaker boys at work. The psychology of its advertising is not immediately evident; it may intend to show what Ruskin called the "dearness" of its product, or it may be an appeal to the public to contribute through its purchases toward the support and training of the bodies and minds of future citizens. The price of the product is, of course, partially determined by the demand for coal and by the supply of boys. To attempt by legislation to offer such boys food for bodies and minds would, in popular business parlance, be termed "millennial legislation," if it might not justly be designated by that more scathing word, "socialistic." To pursue further this one of the many possible illustrations, it may be said, in Mr. Taft's words, that these boys should not be taught "to look to the public treasury for support," but rather at the breakers for slate, lest "thrift and saving be discouraged" and "independence and strength of character be destroyed."

The "radical" movement for the elimination from our social system of the waste, whether of life and spirit or of material wealth—the movement for the enlargement of individual life and opportunity—will go forward, for the cause is deeper than the laws of an existing economic system and lies in the souls of men. But education must precede; not our present education of facts and definitions, but one of ideas and motives. For their service in preparing women for their share in this progress, the race may well be grateful to those illogical advocates of suffrage whose arguments fall so readily before Mr. Taft's trained pen.

JOHN MILLS.

Wyoming, N. J.

After the Play

DOES "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," at the Astor Theatre, increase our knowledge of George M. Cohan? A little. We all knew Mr. Cohan for a man capable of laughing at himself. See, for example, "The Seven Keys to Baldpate." From "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" we learn that those traits in himself which he is willing to laugh at are more numerous than we had supposed. He has been again and again reproached with his fondness for waving the American flag and singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Between the first and second acts of his new play there has been a temperance meeting at Johnsbury, somewhere in New England. The success of the meeting was a speech made by Billy Holliday, a New York barkeeper. At the beginning of act second Mrs. Temple tells us all about Holliday's triumph, how he silenced the rowdies sent there to break up the meeting by waving an American flag, how he taught some of his auditors to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Lord, Lord, we say to ourselves, Mr. Cohan has gone and done it again. It's in his blood. He will never get well. But wait a minute. At the end of act second the entire police force of Johnsbury comes on the scene. The chief of police explains—they want to show Holliday how well they have learned to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Holliday groans. Everybody except the policemen flies a signal of distress. The curtain cuts off the song and the audience roars. See also, if you want another example of Mr. Cohan's self-criticism, the speeches in which Holliday lays down the law that the best kind of advertising is man-to-man praise.

Never, so far as I can remember, did a play by Clyde Fitch or Charles Klein flood me with curiosity about its author. I have never seen a Cohan play without being eager to know what Mr. Cohan is like. When I can't get additions to knowledge I am grateful even for confirmations. As, for example, in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," for signs that Mr. Cohan's gift for saying things in concrete words is as exuberant as ever. The person most surprised by the success of Holliday, temperance orator, is Holliday, barkeeper. He is caught in an avalanche of offers from temperance societies, breweries, moving picture companies, magazines. He expects to wake up and find he has been—dreaming, you would say, and so should I, but Mr. Cohan doesn't. Holliday declares: "I still expect the colored porter to come and tell me we'll be in in ten or fifteen minutes." Mr. Cohan abounds in speeches like this. Placed where he places them, spoken as Mr. Fred Niblo speaks them, they seldom fail to "register."

In what form "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" was suggested to Mr. Cohan by Mr. George Middleton and Mr. Guy Bolton, I don't happen to know. This ignorance does not matter, for much of the play is obviously Mr. Cohan's own. His is the power to write a farce which was partly suggested by Billy Sunday and which isn't and wasn't intended to be either a criticism of Billy Sunday or a representative of his character. To Mr. Cohan, too, we may safely attribute the special flavoring of this farce, which tells how a barkeeper happened by accident to turn temperance orator, and by his transformation to make a lot of money for himself and his friends, and a good deal of money for his enemies. "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" is both a temperance farce, if you like, and also a get-rich-quick farce, and it suggests on the author's part no faintest disapproval or approval of either temperance or getting-rich-quick. Very curious and special, this ability to sug-

gest nothing at all, and the very opposite of inability to suggest anything. Curious too is Mr. Cohan's gift for making barbers, errand boys, and expressmen funny by making them look like the most familiar types and talk like individuals. The blank spaces in his new play come when he hasn't taken the trouble to imagine one of his persons distinctly, as in the case of Mrs. Temple, a Johnsbury widow, very colorless.

A play by Mr. Cohan always starts one wondering about the nature of the "gift," the famous old inexplicable and incommunicable special gift for the stage. Suppose you had Mr. Cohan's humor, eye for the surface of character, invention, store of appropriate words, high spirits, deep frivolity—even so your plays might fail as often as his succeed. Suppose you had learned about playwriting everything that can be taught. Suppose you realized the importance of preparation and contrast and surprise and the clash of wills. Even then your plays might lack the only thing which would make your other talents and your knowledge count in the theatre. Just as a historian, who can explain most lucidly why what happened did happen, who can deduce the present from the past, and the past from the remoter past, but cannot for the life of him deduce the future from the present; so a man who knows how plays ought to be written, and who has invention and observation and whatever else you please, cannot turn his gifts and his knowledge to account unless he has also the one special gift, as special as the batting eye.

In Mr. Cohan's case the gift for making all his other gifts count double on the stage has nothing to do with a habit of emphasis. He is so far from being uniformly and mechanically emphatic that some of his neatest technical bits are almost like bits of coarse genre painting, and others are the quietest asides. What Mr. Cohan has is a power of imagining moments when what you are looking at is heightened by what you know, when what you hear is heightened by what you see, when what you see and hear and know is heightened by what you expect. Which is of course only another way of saying that his is also the power of arranging such moments in such a procession that each is heightened by its placing. Naturally I don't offer this or anything else as a definition of "the gift," which nobody has succeeded in defining. I am willing to assert, however, that the gift just credited to Mr. Cohan resembles "the gift" in this, that it is certainly a gift from the gods, not otherwise communicable, and that it is probably a reflex, that its possessor uses it without quite knowing what he is about. "I saw her starting to break," said Mr. T. Franklin Baker of the ball he hit for one of his most notorious home runs, "and I busted her."

Is it true that Mr. Cohan is vulgar? Perhaps. But the only part of his vulgarity that could profitably be removed is his callousness. Mr. Cohan and I are equally pleased when Holliday pulls the blustering, bullying Dean Granger's nose. Mr. Cohan's pleasure is greater than mine in the subsequent conduct of Holliday, who from time to time through the rest of the play taunts the coward with his cowardice. But were this callousness removed the general frivolity might go too, and frivolity is one of Mr. Cohan's qualities. No, the only change I'd make in Mr. Cohan, were I his creator, would be to give him an acuter interest in politics, a longing to represent on the stage the concrete queerinesses of Mr. Bryan, say, or Colonel Roosevelt, or Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard.

Q. K.

Books and Things

NEITHER rumor nor guess has told me anything about the anonymous author of "Graggles," in which he or she records, rather planlessly, the early years of a boy born and brought up in a New England suburb. That Graggles's family was a little pedantic, after an elderly fashion, is proved by its vocabulary. The children were as good as forbidden to say rise, retire, cereal, limb, home, and were encouraged to say leg, porridge, go to bed, get up, house. And so it happened that Graggles, spending one summer morning at a childless neighbor's, and playing half-heartedly out of doors by himself, at once recognized a sudden unknown negro as a swillman. So refined a word as garbage was unknown to Graggles. This negro, meaning no harm, grinned at Graggles, aged six, and spoke sinister words: "Now I've got you." Graggles turned and ran. He did not stop until he had reached the room where his elder sister, who had a strong sense of duty, was trying to be charmed by an album and by the childless neighbor's comments. Graggles stood before them and panted. The childless neighbor, surveying him without malice, asked a terrible question: "What makes your eyes so blue?" He stammered before returning a guilty answer: "I don't know." Strange to say, this seemed to satisfy the childless neighbor.

Of course it did not satisfy his nine-year old sister, to whom, on their way home, about a mile of shaded streets, Graggles told his adventure. When he had finished she faced him with a prosecuting look: "And you said you didn't know what made your eyes so blue! And you did know. You knew the negro made them blue by scaring you. O, Graggles, why did you tell Mrs. Kenrick a lie?" Graggles was very uncomfortable. His sister was right. He had sort of known what was the matter with his eyes. Here was a new kind of lie, a kind you couldn't be quite sure about until after you had told it. Under his sister's urging, prolonged and oppressive, he wrote Mrs. Kenrick a letter: "I told you a lie. It was the swill man blued my eyes." His sister started him off to the mail-box and supervised his return. "Yes," Graggles answered, looking at her fearlessly, "I put it in the box." This was true. It was also true that he had first torn the letter into little bits. But he didn't say so. And his heart was at peace.

Seldom, however, until Graggles began to go to school, did he leave or care to leave his own garden, which was so large that he could lose sight of the house, and which had hills in it, and steep banks, and paths walled and roofed with grapevines. Danger was most sociable in winter, at the season of crust-coasting, when the game was to steer straight for a grove of very young firs, and the winner was he who got deepest among the low branches before being scraped off his sled. But the special excitement of making things was for Graggles highest toward the end of winter, when streams cut the softening snow, and gurgled, in waterfall after waterfall, down stone steps at the bottom of the garden. On these streams, from a wharf near their source, you could start great ships toward disaster, or you could check the streams, by dams of slush and mud and twigs, into pools deep enough, if you stood just so and cheated a little, to flow over the tops of your rubber boots. In summer, when most of his friends had gone away, there were lonelier adventures, as on the day when Graggles, gaining for the tenth time the highest apple branch any one had dropped from, did at last after

long dangling let go, and wondered, while he picked himself up, why he had never done it before, and whether he should ever dare to do it again, before spectators. And then Graggles went where he had so often gone before in fervid August noons. He stood at the foot of the largest elm, looked up and listened to the parched creaking of a locust, and knew this for a tree he should never be able to climb by fair ladderless means. No skill he got among the apple trees brought him nearer conquest of that unclimbable elm.

North of this elm, between it and the hospitable apple trees, was the only break in the garden's wall of high foliage, a straight view across other people's gardens to a belfry, with a cross on the top. The peculiarity of this cross was not so much that it was gilded and glorious as that it was seventeen feet high, and didn't look more than three feet or four. From the belfry, about sundown at the right time of year, came the noise of chimes, of "Abide With Me," played always, day after day, with the same one note wrong. And Graggles, with his hand in his father's hand when they stopped in their walk to look at the sunset, could not quite understand why his father never got used to the mistake, but winced at the wrong note day after day. Something like a question entered Graggles's mind, a suspicion that his father might find the world a better place if he sometimes wouldn't notice things that couldn't be changed. Not for Graggles was it then possible, so the author tells us, to guess the pleasure given by dear habitual irritations.

In the spring after his father died his mother took Graggles and his sister on a long voyage, when for nearly ten days he saw no land. He saw instead day after day of winds and whitecaps and broken sky, he looked across shadowed water to the sunfield beyond, he saw far away to the south, further off than the horizon had been a moment before, a wave crest flash in the sun, and then the gleam was gone, and the horizon came back to its old distance. And pleasant to stand near the stern, before the sun went down, and watch other following waves tumble to overtake their shadows. Pleasant too, on the Atlantic side of Gibraltar, were the green-rumpled hills with shadow-fingers reaching down toward the water, and pleasant the prickly sea about Gibraltar rock, and the Mediterranean shore of Spain that looked so bleak and mild, and the smiling, lonely Majorca cliffs, seen to the south on an afternoon of quiet April. But excepting those sea memories, and a small portion of a foreign tongue, Graggles would appear to have got little from his first stay in Europe.

At school, where Graggles went when he was eight, he learned as little. To say his lessons went in one ear and out the other would be incorrect, for although knowledge did not abide in his head its exit was advantageous to him. It came neatly off his tongue in answer to questions, less neatly from his fingers in written answers. Once in a while, even in the course of his lawful studies, he got a thrill, as for example from two columns of words, each word lighting its opposite neighbor strangely, like this: "Faded, but may revive; withered, and cannot revive." But no teacher or other grown person detected the excitement of Graggles. Here the book breaks off, with hint of a sequel. (Fitchburg, Mass.: Turk & Company, \$1.35 net.)

P. L.

Reshaping the World

The Research Magnificent, a Novel, by H. G. Wells.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

SINCE "The New Machiavelli" something essential of H. G. Wells has been in a state of suspension. "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," "The World Set Free," "The Passionate Friends," "Marriage"—whatever their aim and success, they left a promise unfulfilled. But "The Research Magnificent" fulfills this promise. It is, to put it roughly, another epochal tale. It carries on the enterprise of the earlier confidential novels, carries on the immense task of focussing inclusively the epoch as Mr. Wells sees it, and his own spiritual relations to the epoch.

What this means is readily imaginable by the admirers of Mr. Wells. It is far more than the contribution of an orthodox novel. Orthodox novelists aim at the moving world from a fixed platform at best; mainly they take targets pinned on trees or pot at clay pigeons. They certainly do not attempt to dramatize their current philosophy in their version of the moving world. But this is precisely Mr. Wells' distinction. Not content, as he might be, to dramatize an epoch in an "Old Wives' Tale," nor yet to give his philosophy the vivid but unhistoric epitome of a "Sartor Resartus," he strives for the sake of reality to secure for his generalizations the supremely telling corroboration of fiction. He seems determined in these revelatory novels to adhere very closely to his own spiritual experiences. But he aims also to fling his imagination hard enough out of autobiography to embody that experience in an authentic plot. It is a stupendous effort to make available all the torrents of his vitality.

So far as technique is concerned, he has never done better than here. "The Research Magnificent" is extremely eloquent. It has maturity, gravity, ardor. It has diversity of action and dazzling variety of scene. It has richness and sustainment of intention. Mr. Wells is not depending on old inspirations. As life goes on, fresh streams replenish him. The momentum of his genius cuts deep enough to release gorging waters from levels untapped before. To select, to compress, to order, to dominate this stream of visions, suggestions, moods, passions, inquisitions, resolutions, tendernesses, irritabilities; to keep out of irrelevancies and impostures—that is his modest task, and he has superbly performed it. The little Cockney bestrides the movement and imagery of the world.

But while Mr. Wells has invented the medium which could rightly accommodate his teeming mind, the bent of that mind is not necessarily to be so joyously acclaimed.

The career which Mr. Wells compacts in "The Research Magnificent" is a man's career, English and modern. Benham was born, one estimates, about 1882. The son of an estranged marriage, the father a fusty schoolmaster, the mother a bright and wealthy presence in London, he gravitated to his mother during his development as an intellectual in Cambridge. He left Cambridge in 1903, brilliant but "unbalanced," coming into his unheralded fortune of \$30,000 a year. He spent the next year in London at loose ends, much in the hands of a valet, postponing his Career, and having his affair with Mrs. Skelmersdale. Then, after a revulsion, he met Amanda—"a sunlit young woman with a leaping stride in her paces"—and married her out of hand in 1904, Amanda being nineteen. The "spirited honeymoon" took them to Italy, the Adriatic, Albania. The sunlit young woman, however, thirsted for London, an "enormous juicy fruit waiting for her pretty white teeth." They returned, Benham grimly at odds. He broke

away in 1905, going to Russia after the murder of Sergius. He returned in November to find her demurely pre-maternal, destined to have his child. Christmas he spent in Moscow, went on to Rostov, Astrakhan, Herat. At Karachi he learned he was a father, the child a son. He hurried home. His son was "very red and ugly"—better than blue and ugly—and very soon he again departed. Amanda had meanwhile adventured for herself. Her letters became inanimate. Off Madras her certain unfaithfulness dawned on him. At Colombo his mother's flaming letter confirmed it. More carfare—he started home. His emotion evanesced at Amanda's ready submissiveness, her willingness to play double with the lover-slave. After the break he careered to Odessa, Bessarabia, Kieff; hurried on to the Swadeshi outbreak in India, continued to China, "that great teeming stinking tank of humorous yellow humanity." Germany he visited in 1910, America and Hayti. In 1913 he was in the midst of the labor troubles in Johannesburg, and there in a strike riot he was killed. His age would be about 31 or thereabouts, two years older than the woman he left, but did not suspend communication with, in 1906.

From this skeleton of dates and places no one could infer anything, and yet it is the skeleton which is clothed by the magnificent research. For this youngster's travels were not the pouncings of a restless plutocratic insect. They were deliberate and consecrated excursions into the "collective mind." When he left Cambridge thirsting for nobility, the only services that invited him were science, philosophy, politics. Accepting the latter, he rejected journalism and party, "plebeian's submission to the currents of life about him." To live nobly, to live thoroughly and dangerously, was his passion. And so, with travel as his means of education, he gave himself up to "the idea of working out for himself, thoroughly and completely, a political scheme, a theory of his work and duty in the world, a plan of the world's future that should give a rule for his life." His death, quite incidental, was in no way intended. It came out of a spurt of temperament, part of "the general humor of life."

Where Benham is most real to me is in his struggles to transcend fear and pain, his bravery in the jungle, his enforced courage in the mountains and his bravery in the ghetto of Kieff. Tiresome as are some of his problems—"should an aristocrat be deterred by the fear of smashing people up?"—he is unqualifiedly splendid in his account of the baser limitations; and there is rich humor in his self-willed behavior with the lickerish innkeeper in the Alps. All this is glorious. There is also something warm about his intimacy with Prothero, the man without pride. But throughout the story there is something not glorious, some taint which is not remitted for all the continued apologia of Mr. Wells.

One sympathizes with Mr. Wells in his warranted hatred of confusion and muddle, his high impatience with triviality and futility, his rage against "mismanagement, fear, indulgence, jealousy, prejudice, stupidity," all the baseness that beguile the divinity in man. One is stirred profoundly by his vision of fine purpose and self-anointed zeal, by his sense that "we are working out a new way of living for mankind, a new rule, a new conscience." Nothing could be more inspiring than his conviction that men have only to resolve to be "lordly free, filled and sustained by pride." But the surprise of this novel is its conviction that everything muddled is popular and everything popular is muddled. The only people "worth consideration" are intellectuals, and of these only one seems to

survive. Everything base is identified with democracy and the interchange of wills. There is almost shrieking emphasis that the greatest need in life is a predisposition to nobility and rule. Economic determinism is deposed. In its place, "richesse oblige." Mr. Wells talks like a neophyte of the governing class. His mind cracks with new-found responsibilities of nobility, and he cries from cover to cover for lordliness, kingliness, princeliness, knight-hood, like an advance agent for some mystic shrine.

"This age of confusion is Democracy; it is all that Democracy can ever give us. Democracy, if it means anything, means the rule of the planless man, the rule of the unkempt mind. It means as a consequence this vast boiling up of collectively meaningless things."

The Balkan states give him a further text. There isn't one element in that imbroglio "that deserves a moment's respect from a sane man." "You see this is what men are where there is no power, no discipline, no ruler, no responsibility. This is a masterless world. This is pure democracy. This is the natural state of men. This is the world of the bully and the brigand and assassin, the world of the mud-pelter and the brawler, the world of the bent woman, the world of the flea and fly, the open drain and the baying dog. This is what the British sentimentalist thinks a noble state for man."

How is one to account for this dreary nonsense? I confess I can only do so by suggesting a scrutiny of the conflict between Benham and Amanda. Mr. Wells convinces himself that the relation is understandably wrecked on the rock of the research magnificent. "Amanda loved wild and picturesque things, and Benham strong and clear things; the vines and brushwood amidst the ruins of Salona that had delighted her had filled him with a sense of tragic retrogression. Salona had revived again in the acutest form a dispute that had been smouldering between them throughout a fitful and lengthy exploration of north and central Italy. She could not understand his disgust with the medieval color and confusion that had swamped the pride and state of the Roman Empire, and he could not make her feel the ambition of the ruler, the essential discipline and responsibilities of his aristocratic idea. While his adventurousness was conquest, hers, it was only too manifest, was brigandage. His thoughts ran now into the form of an imaginary discourse, that he would never deliver to her, on the decay of states, on the triumph of barbarians over rulers who will not rule, on the relaxation of patrician orders and the return of the robber and assassin as lordship decays."

This account of male and female may convince some people, especially with the later apologia. "I'm an overstrung man. I go harshly and continuously for one idea. I live as I ride. I blunder through my fences. I take off too soon. I've no natural ease of mind or conduct or body." It is very touching. But if the natural predisposition to rule gave us many Amandas I should be all for putting chipped ice on the head of the ruler. It seems to me a quite ordinary case of muddled and desolating egoism, with the Research as a convenient afterthought. As for the conclusion that there are as yet "no feminine aristocrats, rulers and mates of rulers," it is the kind of repudiation which rebounds on the man by whom it is made.

One of the extraordinary facts about this extraordinary novel is that the child born to Benham is absolutely never mentioned subsequent to his birth. Sir Philip Easton—"Pip"—apparently fathers it. Benham, at any rate, the real father, literally never gives it a second thought. It is a coldness not easy to explain.

TIFFANY & Co.

STATIONERY OF A HIGH STANDARD

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Mr. Wells wants perfection, but he seeks to arrive by aviation. He wishes to soar over "the naïve passions and self-interest of the common life." It is a high ambition and it has produced a wonderful book in "The Research Magnificent." Yet the book does not seem to me to possess fundamental truthfulness. Genius, nobility and sick egoism combine in it, to the additional muddle of mankind.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Our Restricted Trade

Economic Aspects of the War, by Edwin J. Clapp. New York: Yale University Press, 1915. Price, \$1.50 net.

FOR a people supposed to be dominated chiefly by material motives, Americans have displayed a remarkable patience with the successive restrictions upon their commercial rights imposed by the British government. The confiscation of American cargoes under the Prize Court decision of September 16th was technically in violation of the American view of international law, and in defiance of our settled policy as enunciated in the note of March 30th. As an instance of international locking of horns, it falls into class with the Arabic case. Yet most of us accept it without excitement. Not all, however. There is a considerable body of opinion in favor of reasserting our rights as against England. With the purpose of consolidating this opinion Professor Clapp has written the monograph here under review.

It is impossible for anyone, even pro-Ally at heart, to

follow through this recital of British encroachments upon neutral rights without a feeling of grave concern. What England was bent on doing was to bring the heaviest possible economic pressure upon Germany. To destroy the German import and export trade would weaken Germany and force her to yield earlier than she could be made to yield through defeats in the field of battle. Professor Clapp does not admit the efficacy of the "economic pressure" policy. Germany is practically self-sufficing: she cannot be starved, she is adequately supplied with materials necessary for the production of arms and ammunition, and the German spirit is not of such quality that it is likely to be broken by war bread and the necessity of wearing old clothes. There is no evidence that the German industrial classes are suffering so seriously from the blockade as are the American cotton producers. The exclusion of American copper from Germany probably injures America more than it injures Germany, and the same thing is true of the exclusion of petroleum. If, however, we grant the efficacy of the policy of economic pressure, this is not to grant the legality of its methods.

We will pass over the extraordinary extension of the contraband list—an extension foreign to the spirit of all international law, and contrary to British policy in the past. We will also pass over the new form of blockade—although it contains ominous possibilities for the future. Let us confine ourselves to the restrictions upon our trade with neutrals, and to the British policy of pressure applied to those neutrals. Under international law we had a right to sell such commodities as food to the German civil population. We had a right to sell such commodities to neutrals, whether or not there was danger that they would be transhipped to a belligerent, for military use. Great Britain has shorn away our right to send food and other innocent goods directly to the civil population of Germany. And by application of force to the weaker neutrals, she has placed a check upon transshipment to Germany. Thus Holland was forced to place an embargo on shipments to Germany, through the threat of starvation. In order to live, Holland must have foreign food supplies, and England was prepared to cut off such supplies unless Holland proved compliant in the matter of an embargo against Germany.

Professor Clapp points out that it lies in our power to curb the unlawful practices of the British through the imposition of an embargo upon the export of munitions, and, if this is not adequate, through an embargo on the export of foodstuffs. It is safe to predict that no such action will be taken by the United States in the present juncture. Yet it must be regarded as unfortunate that stiffer representations have not been addressed to England on the subject of neutral rights to trade. The British policy is based on two assumptions, neither of which can be accepted without qualification: that our interests are enlisted with the Allies in their war upon Germany, and that economic pressure is an effective method of conducting the war. But even if we accepted the assumptions, it is our duty to consider future contingencies as well as the present crisis. If at any future time Great Britain should lose command of the seas—and who shall say that her naval domination is eternal?—we shall be estopped under British precedents, and our own apparent acquiescence in them, from insisting on our right to provision the British civil population. "Sea-power or downfall" has long been the British watchword; but with the abrogation of the rights of neutrals to supply civil populations, the kind of downfall impending upon England, if ever she loses control of the seas, is hideous beyond imagination.

Colonial Institutions

The Review of American Colonial Legislation by the King in Council, by Elmer Beecher Russell, Ph.D. \$1.75. The Sovereign Council of New France, by Raymond Du Bois Cahall, Ph.D. \$2.25. New York: Columbia University, Longmans, Green & Co., agents.

BRITISH expansion over the seas has been predominantly the result of private initiative and individual enterprise. The Empire was not constructed on plans carefully elaborated by prescient statesmen, but grew as an inevitable consequence of the widespread activities of British pioneers. Territorial acquisitions were not systematically and deliberately planned by the government. Apart from the grants of unappropriated lands in the western world to the adventurers of Stuart days, and some similar private enterprises under governmental auspices in later times, the added area was, in general, either the somewhat accidental result of European wars into which Britain had been drawn, or the unavoidable consequence of antecedently established interests that a not infrequently reluctant government, dreading further responsibilities, could not ignore. This characteristic feature of the English imperial movement sharply distinguishes it from the overseas activities of other European Powers and, to a great extent, accounts for the firm root that the British settlements have taken in all quarters of the globe. The mortal enemies of the British Empire, France of the earlier centuries and Germany of the present day, have proceeded on a diametrically opposite principle. With them the state, not the individual, has been the agent of expansion, and territorial conquests were deliberately planned in the expectation that settlement and commerce would follow the flag. In constructed empires of this nature, supported largely by funds derived from the home treasury, it is inevitable that the control of the dependent communities should rest well-nigh exclusively in the metropolis, just as it followed necessarily from the nature of the British Empire that from the very outset a large measure of local self-government should be established.

In the two books under review, important institutions of these antagonistic types of imperial organization are described on the basis of a critical study of the original documentary evidence available in the archives. Both works are monographic in character, and while probably too detailed to hold the general reader's attention, will be welcome additions to the steadily increasing number of scholarly books illuminating the colonial organization of the past. In these days of hasty generalization, one is ever more and more impressed with the necessity of an accurate grasp of all the facts; for, this once attained, their correct interpretation and explanation is an almost ineluctable mental reaction.

Owing to the greater attractions, though possibly less instructive features, of various other phases of its picturesque history, the administrative system of French Canada has hitherto been largely neglected by investigators. Thus Dr. Cahall's work is to a great extent that of the pioneer, and he has had to encounter the difficulties of all entering a trackless waste. For this reason, presumably, he has not tried to clear the whole ground by describing the administrative system as an entity. He has rigidly, and somewhat unfortunately for the reader, confined his attention to one organ, the Sovereign Council of New France. Through this Council, in combination with the Governor and Intendant, Canada was governed by the King and his ministers in France. Like most French colonial institutions, it was based upon a prototype in the mother country, in this case

the Parlement de Paris and similar judicial organs in other French centres. This Council—called from 1702 on the Superior Council—was an important factor in the government of the colony from 1663 until the English conquest, one hundred years later. Its members were appointed directly by the King and it thus enjoyed considerable independence even as against the governors, who in ultimate analysis were naturally all-powerful in a community organized on militaristic principles. The Council has been hitherto chiefly remembered for its not infrequent quarrels with other local officials, especially with the autocratic Frontenac; and, although this dramatic phase of its career has not been neglected, Dr. Cahall has devoted his main attention to the more prosaic subject of its ordinary routine work. The membership and organization of the Council, its methods of procedure and functions, as well as its administrative, judicial and legislative achievements, are described with painstaking precision. A little more restraint would, however, have added to the readability of the book. Despite the seeming paradox, the very fulness of detail is disconcerting, in that it involves either a mere reference to or an incomplete discussion of many separate questions about whose real significance the reader is necessarily left in the dark.

Dr. Russell's work will make a greater appeal to American readers, for not only does the subject deal with their past, but in addition it has some contact with existing institutions. His theme is the power exercised by the British Privy Council of annulling enactments made by the legislatures in the royal colonies. This system of review, in Dr. Russell's words, "constituted at once a precedent and a preparation for the power of judicial annulment upon constitutional grounds now exercised by the state and federal courts in the United States." Furthermore, it tended to keep the legislation of the various colonies true to type, and by preventing divergences that would have occurred had their individualistic provincial assemblies been unhampered, it was one factor, among others far more vital, in maintaining and establishing that unity which is the basis of the American nation. For these and many other reasons, this subject needed exhaustive treatment, and Dr. Russell is to be congratulated both upon the perception of this void in our historical literature and upon the generally satisfactory manner in which he has filled it.

The investigation deals naturally in the main with the period after 1696, and is virtually limited to a consideration of the treatment of the enactments of the continental colonies that subsequently formed the United States. This exclusion of the West Indies from the scope of the work is to some extent a detriment, as in some instances a general rule of annulling all acts of a certain character was first adopted by the British Government in connection with one of the island colonies and cannot be fairly judged without a knowledge of its origin. A considerable portion of the monograph is devoted to a clear account of the procedure of the British Government in exercising this power of review. The balance is given to a systematic and equally lucid discussion of the various categories of objections made to colonial enactments, and to an estimate of the general results of this system. The treatment is commendably objective, and full weight is given to the imperial as well as to the colonial viewpoint whenever they came into conflict. Had the period prior to the beginning of the disputes directly leading up to the American Revolution been sharply distinguished from that after 1763, perhaps a clearer view might have been given of the political consequences of the practice discussed.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.



The Rich, Warm Texture of Patrick Cloth

makes it a favorite with discriminating people for winter sports and general outdoor wear. It has individuality.

Patrick cloth is as distinctive to America as are chevviots to Scotland, friezesto Ireland and tweeds to England.

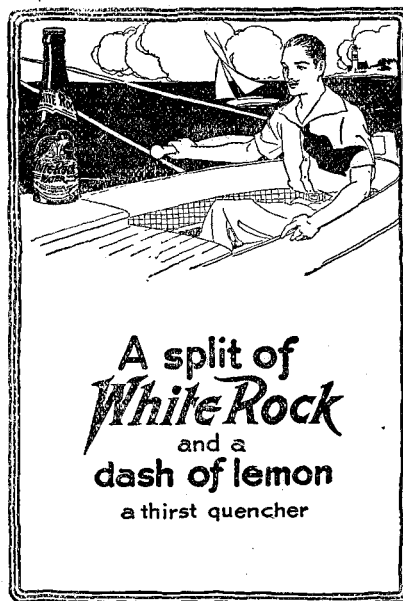
"patrick" (mackinaws), long coats, auto robes, blankets, all are made in colors and patterns to please those of good taste. Send for The Patrick Book showing styles and colors.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill
8 Spruce St. Duluth, Minn.
"patrick" is the genuine mackinaw

Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**Wool
Products**

Bigger-Than-Weather



A split of
White Rock
and a
dash of lemon
a thirst quencher

The Protection of NEUTRAL RIGHTS AT SEA

Documents on the Naval Warfare
Edited by William R. Shepherd

Professor of History, Columbia University; Member of the
Spanish Royal Academy of History.

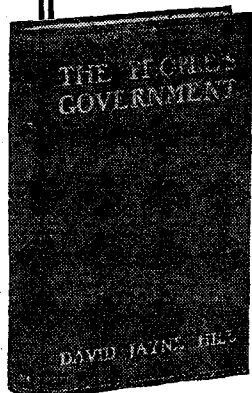
A compilation of the documents which have passed between the
United States and European Governments—vital to a clear understand-
ing of our most serious problem growing out of the war.

25c. at all bookstores or from

STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY

31 East 27th Street, New York

BOOKS—IMPORTANT AND TIMELY

**The People's Government**

By **DAVID JAYNE HILL**,
Former Ambassador to
Germany.

A timely volume on the relationship of the citizen to the state, by a distinguished authority on international law. It is based on wide historical knowledge, is devoid of sensationalism, and is presented with skill, force and terseness.

\$1.25 net.

Marriage and Divorce

By **FELIX ADLER**.

Dr. Adler's views on marriage, divorce and the illusion and ideal of marriage, in which he shows how the divorce court may be avoided.

75 cents net

The World Crisis

By **FELIX ADLER**, President of the Ethical Culture Society.

Primarily a book on social ethics giving the views of a great moral leader on the causes of the war and its effect upon civilization, the possibilities of international peace, the moral awakening of the wealthy, the individual versus the state, etc.

\$1.50 net.

Life Insurance

By **SOLOMON S. HUEBNER**, Professor of Insurance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania.

A complete exposition of life insurance covering every phase of the subject for the information of the lay reader as well as for the Insurance Broker and agent in the field.

\$2.00 net.

Sanitation in Panama

By **Major-General WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS**, Surgeon-General United States Army.

A remarkable account of the work of sanitation accomplished by Major-General Gorgas and his associates in the elimination of yellow fever and the control of other tropical diseases in Panama.

Illustrated, \$2.00 net.

New York's Part in History

By **SHERMAN WILLIAMS**, Chief of School Libraries Division, the University of the State of New York.

A genuinely interesting account of the work which has been done within the state by some of New York's greatest citizens.

Illustrated. \$2.50 net.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters

Edited by her daughter, **HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD**.

The great scientist's early romance, domestic happiness, and religious difficulties described in hitherto unpublished volumes of correspondence.

"One of the literary surprises of the year."—*N. Y. Times*.

Two volumes. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

A History of Latin Literature

By **MARCUS DIMSDALE**, Professor, University of Cambridge, England.

An illuminating history of Latin Literature, written to be of interest to the general reader and at the same time of studied accuracy for classroom use. Dr. Dimsdale has been for twenty-five years Classical Lecturer at Kings College, Cambridge, and his work bears the stamp of authority.

12mo, cloth, \$2.00 net.

Men, Women and War

By **WILL IRWIN**.

An account of the author's experiences in the war zone during the early days of the present war.

\$1.00 net.

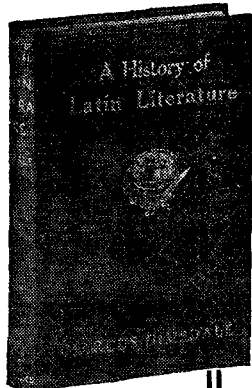
Citizens in Industry

By **CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON**, Late Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago.

Efficiency in the employee is the employer's best asset. Better housing conditions, cleaner recreations and wholesome thinking, all conducive to higher efficiency, will follow as a natural result when better working conditions are provided. In this book Dr. Henderson shows by concrete example how a high grade of efficiency has been obtained in many industries in America, England, India, China and Japan.

\$1.50 net.

Write for Descriptive Circulars



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 W. 32d STREET NEW YORK

"HATRED—AND A POSSIBLE SEQUEL"

is published in the October number of

THE YALE REVIEW

The New American Quarterly
Edited by **Wilbur L. Cross**

The author is **L. P. Jacks**, the distinguished English editor, whose much-commented-upon war article, **England's Experience with "The Real Thing,"** appeared in the April YALE REVIEW.

Other leading articles are:

COMPULSORY SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES

ITALY AND THE WAR

THE WAR AND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

THE ECONOMIC AFTERMATH

The authors are, respectively:—*George Nestler Tricoche*, who has served as artillery officer and organizer in the French army and is now correspondent in this country for several Continental military magazines; *Henry Dwight Sedgwick*, best known for his studies in Italian history; *Morris Hillquit*, American delegate to many International Socialist congresses; *Alexander D. Noyes*, financial editor of the New York Evening Post.

The number is completed by "Hamlet" with *Hamlet Left Out*, by *Brander Matthews*; *College Life and College Education*, by *Henry Seidel Canby*; *Nietzsche: A Modern Stoic*, by *Charles M. Bakewell*; *American Country Life in Old French Memoirs*, by *Charles H. Sherrill*; *Faces in the Roman Crowd*, by *Anne C. E. Allinson*; *Walt Whitman in New Orleans*, by *R. Emory Holloway*; and poems by *Henry Adams*, *Edward Bliss Reed*, *Karle Wilson Baker*, and *William Young*, and the usual interesting and authoritative book reviews.

A sample copy of an earlier number of the REVIEW will be sent to you upon request; or the current number will be forwarded free of charge upon receipt of your order for the new year, prepaid at \$2.50, commencing with the next number following.

Your order may be made under the special offer above by directing your name and address on the following coupon to

THE YALE REVIEW
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Name.....
.....Address